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1938 CATALOG - 600 PAGES OF UNUSUAL NOVELTIES - 3,500 ILLUSTRATIONS. 5,000 NOVELTIES. NEW DISCOVERY.

Jest A Minute

An illustration at the top of the page shows two young boys on the left, one with red hair and one with curly brown hair, both smiling and pointing upwards. To their right is a jester in a blue and red outfit with a pointed hat, holding a red stick and pointing towards the title.

LOOKING BACKWARD AND FORWARD

RINGING BELLS—TOOTING WHISTLES—and here we are starting on another YEAR again. All around us we hear people saying: "My, didn't last year pass AWFULLY FAST!" WELL, FRIENDS, the SPEED of passing years means little. The IMPORTANT question to ask ourselves is: "HAVE WE MADE GOOD USE OF THEM?"

EVERY YEAR we should be able to chalk up on our personal scoreboard that we've advanced MENTALLY, MORALLY, and PHYSICALLY. A year passed without SELF IMPROVEMENT is a year wasted!

You know, sometimes you are taught in school things which you consider very silly and altogether useless. Well, Folks, we think that very few things are silly and useless. Here's the story of a SMART BOY who remembered how to find the NORTH STAR...

A party of vacationing landlubbers hired a small motor-boat and went out to fish. A boy was in the party. When they were far out from land, the motor broke down. By the time it was fixed night had fallen.

They couldn't see a thing, and they had no compass. One man got the bright idea of following the NORTH STAR. GREAT! But where was the North Star? Why, they all agreed that it was the BRIGHTEST star in the heavens, and alternately pointed to ARCTURUS and VEGA!

The SMART BOY remembered that the handle of the BIG DIPPER points directly to the NORTH STAR. After pointing it out to his older companions, they agreed to follow the boy's advice. Needless to say, they reached port SAFELY!

You would think that everybody an baard would be awfully nervous at a time like that, but they weren't. The SMART BOY had a few copies of FUNNY PAGES, FUNNY PICTURE STORIES, STAR COMICS, and STAR RANGER along with him, and handed them out to the older folks. Reciding by lamplight, they became so ABSORBED in the EXCITING STORIES, and LAUGHED SO HEARTILY at the HILARIOUS GAGS, that they didn't have time to worry about their predicament!

HAPPY NEW YEAR!!!



FUNNY PAGES

HARRY "A" CHESLER

Editor

George Nagle, Managing Editor

Vol. 2, No. 5

JANUARY, 1938

10 cents



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STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC., REQUIRED BY THE ACTS OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1912, AND MARCH 3, 1933.

Of Funny Pages, published monthly, at Mount Morris, Ill., for October 1, 1937, State of Illinois. Before me, a Notary Public in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared Frank Z. Temerson, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the Business Manager of the Funny Pages, and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management, etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, as amended by the Act of March 3, 1933, embodied in section 537, Postal Laws and Regulations, to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are: Publisher, Utem Publications, Inc., 404 Fourth Avenue, N. Y. C.; Editor, Harry A. Chesler, 276 Fifth Avenue, N. Y. C.; Managing Editor, George Nagle, 276 Fifth Avenue, N. Y. C.; Business Manager, Frank Z. Temerson, 404 Fourth Avenue, N. Y. C.

2. That the owner is: Frank Z. Temerson, 404 Fourth Avenue, N. Y. C.; I. W. Ullman, 404 Fourth Avenue, N. Y. C.; C. & A. Publishing Co., 420 Lexington Avenue, N. Y. C.

3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: None.

4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said stock, bonds, or other securities than as so stated by him.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 7th day of October, 1937.

FRANK Z. TEMERSON,

Business Manager.

IRVING BOBER,

Notary Public, N. Y. C.

Bronx Co. No. 264, Reg. No. 277-B-39
N. Y. Co. Clk's No. 1355, Reg. No. 9-B-815

(Seal)

My commission expires March 30, 1939.

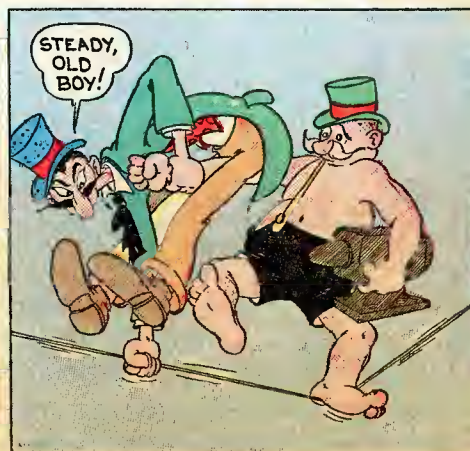
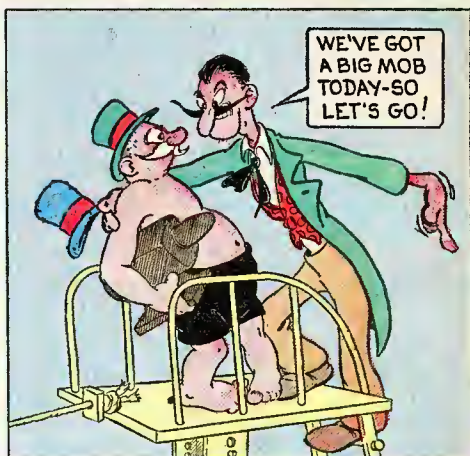
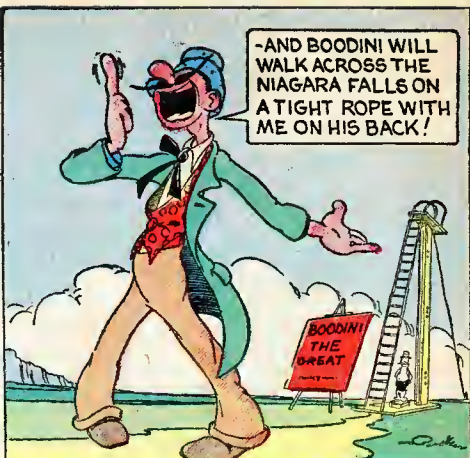
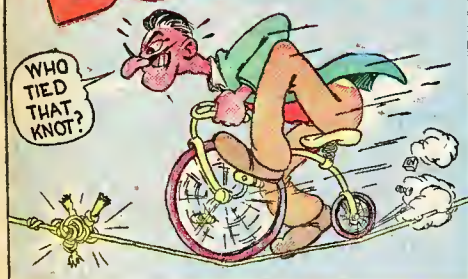
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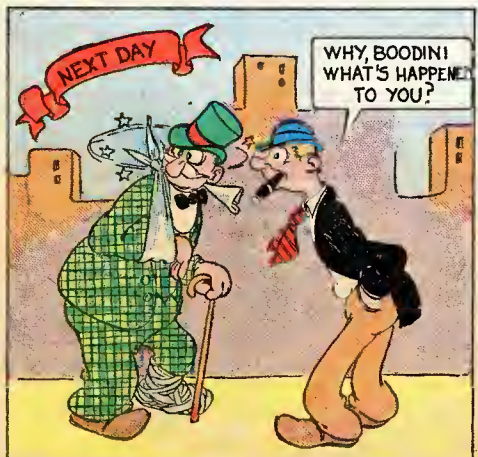
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LAFF and GIGGLE



THE GREAT BOODINI





ACES

THE BASEBALL SEASON OF 1937 HAS PASSED ON BUT THE FEATS OF THIS CATCHER ARE SO AMAZING THAT THEY DESERVE A REVIEWING, SO MEET...

GABBY HARTNETT

WHO PLAYED HIS 16TH SEASON AS A CUB CATCHER. HIS LIFE TIME BATTING AVERAGE OF 296 AND EXTRA BASE POWER MAKES HIM ONE OF THE GREATEST BACKSTOPS IN BASEBALL TODAY.

HE HAS BEEN
BEHIND THE PLATE
IN 1481 GAMES

HE HAS BEEN WITH
THE CHICAGO
NATIONALS SINCE
1920

.377

BATTING AVERAGE
LAST AUGUST

LAST SEASON WAS
THE TWELFTH THAT
HE HAS CAUGHT 100
OR MORE GAMES

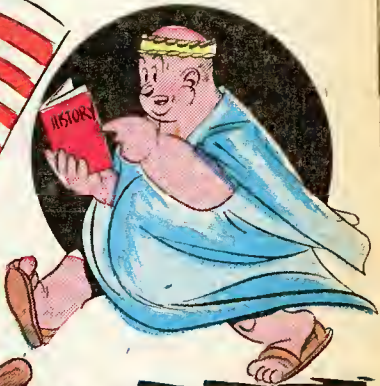
- GILL
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It's Really A Fact!



THE FAMOUS PAINTING OF WASHINGTON CROSSING THE DELAWARE HAS A SERIOUS MISTAKE—THE AMERICAN FLAG SO PROMINENTLY DISPLAYED IN THE PICTURE WAS NOT IN EXISTENCE AT THAT TIME.

IT'S A MYSTERY TIME, FOLKS THE HISTORY BOOKS SAY—



NERO COULDN'T HAVE FIDDLER WHILE ROME BURNED, AS THERE WERE NO FIDDLERS IN THOSE DAYS—

LET'S GO TO ITALY ON OUR HONEYMOON MARIE—I'VE NEVER BEEN THERE!

ME NEITHER TONY—

LET'S WALK, HONEY—IT'S ONLY DOWN TO THE END OF THE STREET

BROADWAY

OH YEAH?

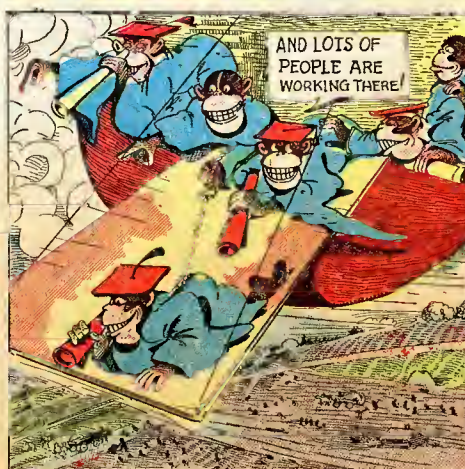
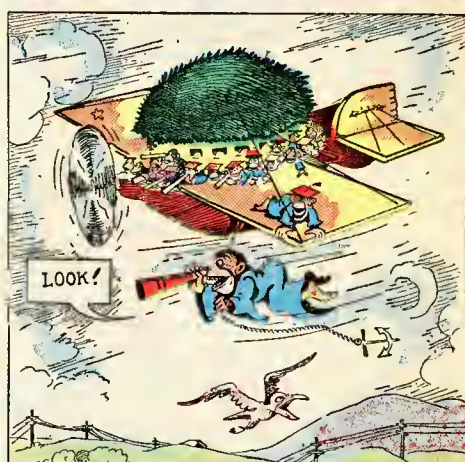
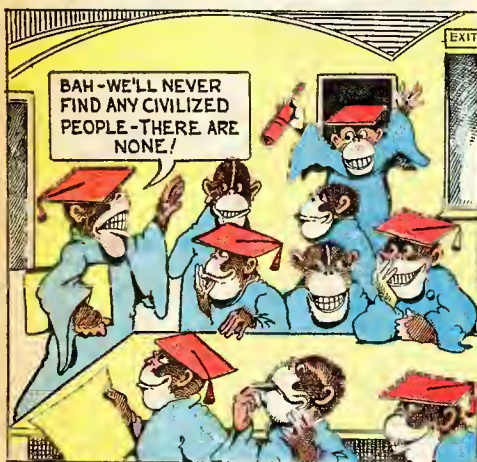
BOB WOOD—

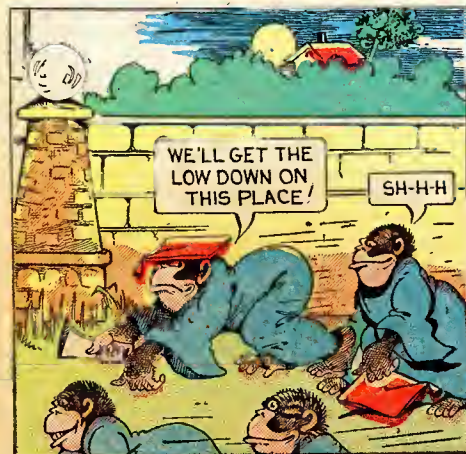
THERE ARE MORE ITALIANS IN NEW YORK CITY THAN THERE ARE IN THE CITY OF GENOVA, ITALY—

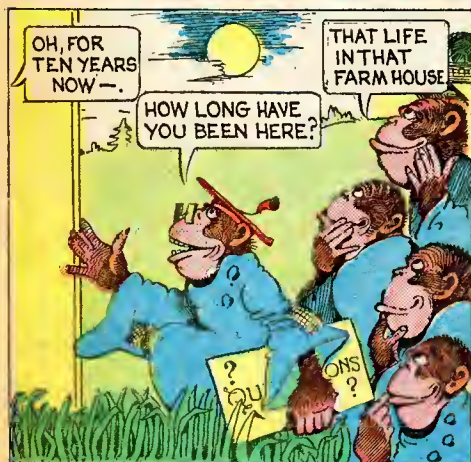
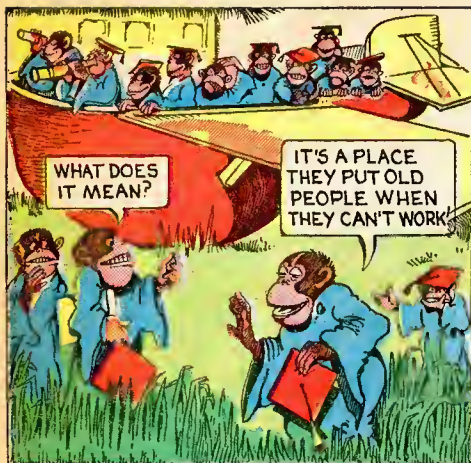
WALLY BERGER, WHILE A MEMBER OF THE BOSTON BEES LAST SEASON, BROKE HIS THUMB—THE NEXT DAY IN BATTING PRACTICE, HE HIT A BALL OVER THE FENCE USING ONE ARM—

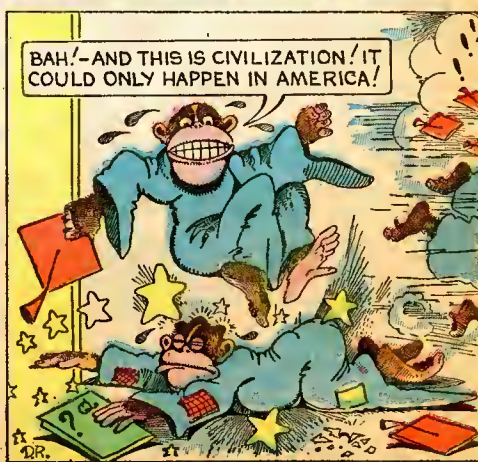
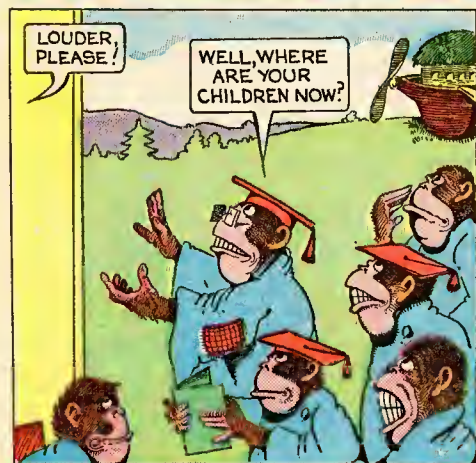
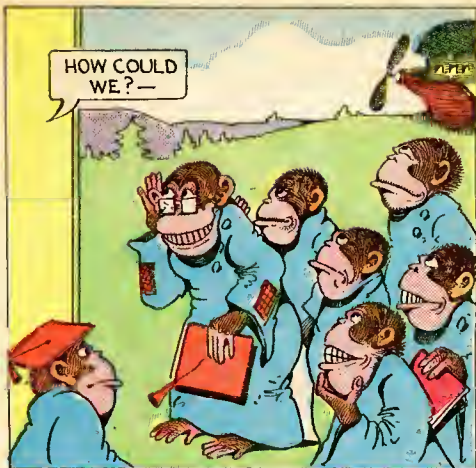
BROADWAY, NEW YORK CITY, IS THE LONGEST STREET IN THE WORLD—IT EXTENDS FROM NEW YORK CITY TO ALBANY—

MISSING LINKS

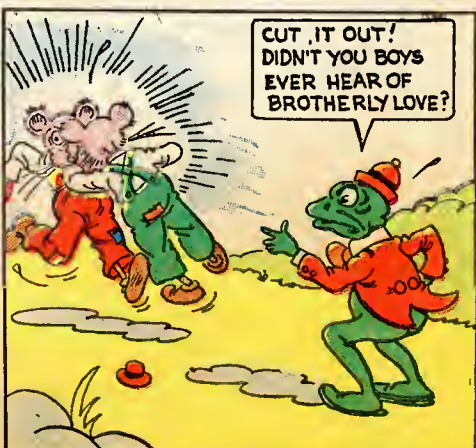
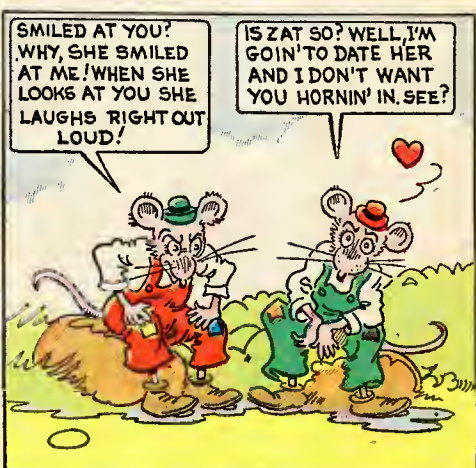
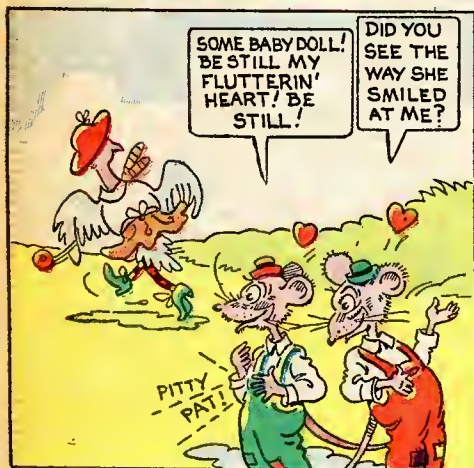
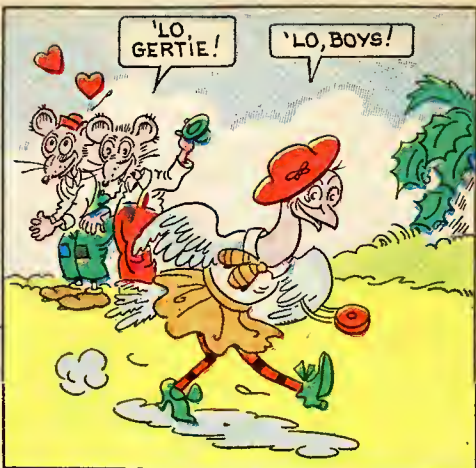
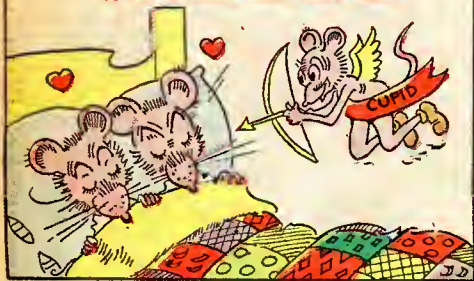


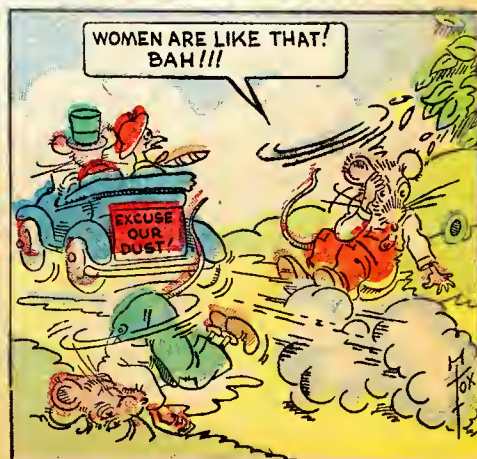
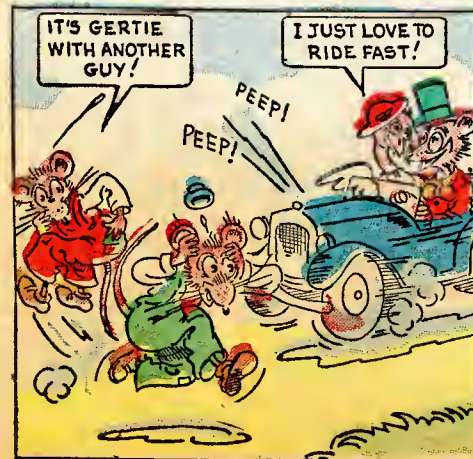
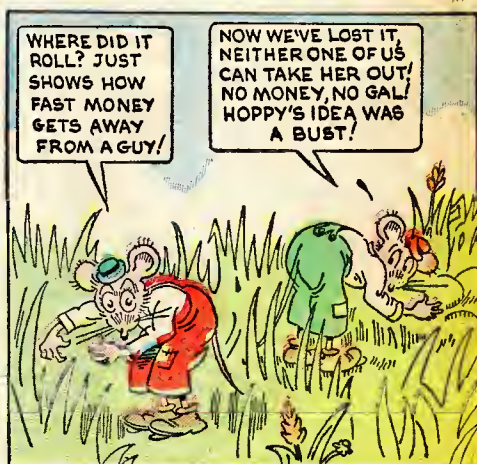
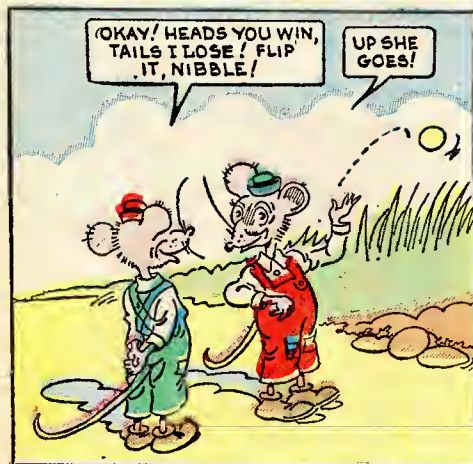
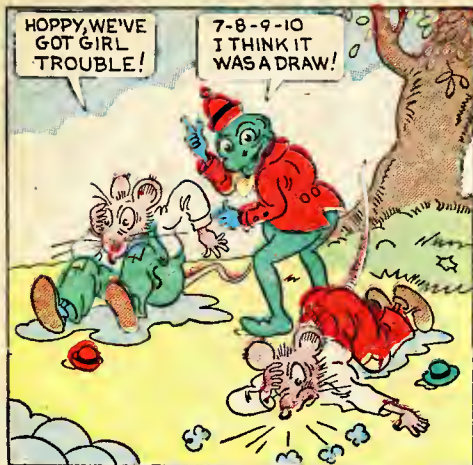






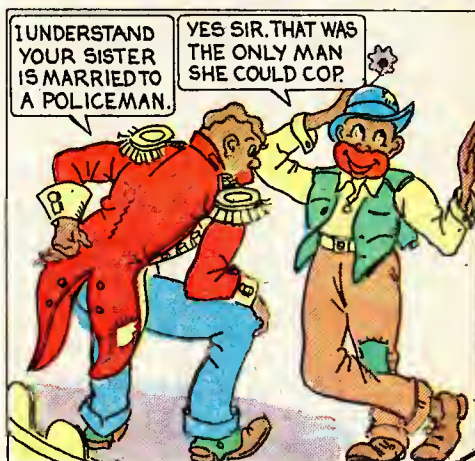
Gnaw AND NIBBLE





MINSTRELS

CHEERIO



WE DIDN'T STEAL THAT MELON
LYING ON THE CHAIR



WE DIDN'T TAKE IT JUST BECAUSE
WE DIDN'T SEE IT THERE



I THINK NOTHING OF
WALKING 20 MILES
A DAY.

I DON'T THINK
MUCH OF THE
IDEA MYSELF.



WHAT MAKES YOU
SO DIZZY, BONES?

I WUZ BORN NEAR
A MERRY GO ROUND.



WHY DID YOU CLIMB WAY UP
TO THE TOP OF THE MOUNTAIN?

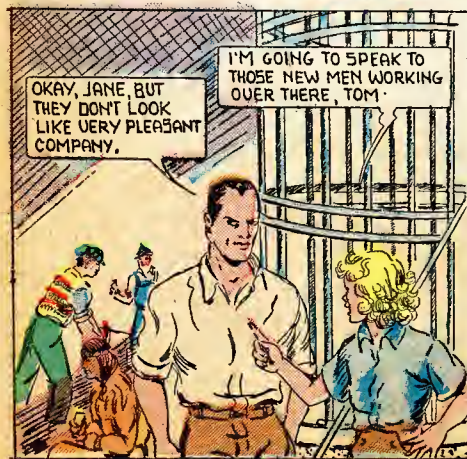
I WAS LOOKING
FOR A PLACE TO
THROW MY OLD
RAZOR BLADES.



DOWN IN THE CORNFIELD THAT'S WHERE WE ROAM
THE MINSTREL SHOW IS OVER, NOW YOU CAN GO HOME.



Circus DAYS



YOU HEARD ME, KID ! NOW SCRAM,
OR I'LL TELL THE BOSS . WE GOT
NO TIME .

Y-Y-ES, SIR...



GOSH, WHITE FEATHER,
THOSE MEN ARE MAD
ABOUT SOMETHING !

JANE, COME SIT BESIDE
WHITE FEATHER. HE
NO GET MAD .



WHAT ARE YOU DOING WITH
ALL THAT MONEY, WHITE
FEATHER ?

ME PUT UM WAMPUM
IN BELT . KEEP UM
SAFE .



WHY DON'T YOU GIVE YOUR
MONEY TO MR. STOKES TO PUT
IN THE BANK FOR YOU ? THAT'S
WHAT DADDY AND MUMMY DO

NO, WHITE FEATHER KETCHUM WAMPUM
BELT LONG TIME AGO. GET BLESSING
GREAT SPIRIT. ALL TIME BRING GOOD LUCK .



WELL, GOOD-BYE WHITE
FEATHER. I THINK YOU
BETTER GIVE THE
MONEY TO MR. STOKES
JUST THE SAME.

WHITE PAPOOSE DO
HER WAY, WHITE
FEATHER DO HIS



THAT NIGHT JANE DOES NOT SLEEP WELL .
PERHAPS SHE WAS WORRIED BY THE SHARP
WORDS OF THE NEW MEN -



I HEAR SOMEONE OUT-
SIDE ! I'M SURE OF
IT !

CAREFUL NOT TO WAKE HER MOTHER AND
FATHER, JANE LEAVES HER BED.

THOSE TWO NEW MEN !
THEY'RE GOING TO
STEAL WHITE
FEATHER'S MONEY !

OH- H !

THE KID !

YOU PUT WHITE FEATH-
ER'S MONEY BACK !
I'LL CALL DADDY !

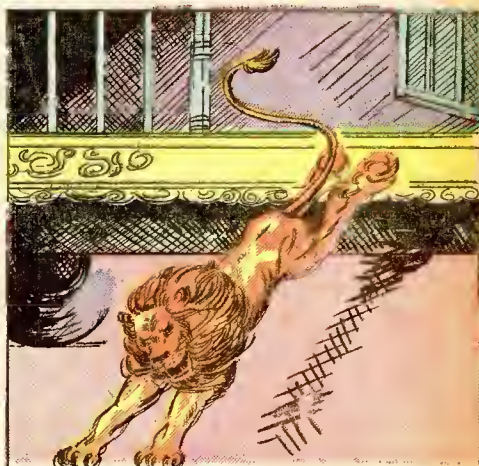
CALL DADDY
WILL YOU ?

DON'T HURT ME,
PLEASE !

COME ON,
NOBODY HEARD
US !

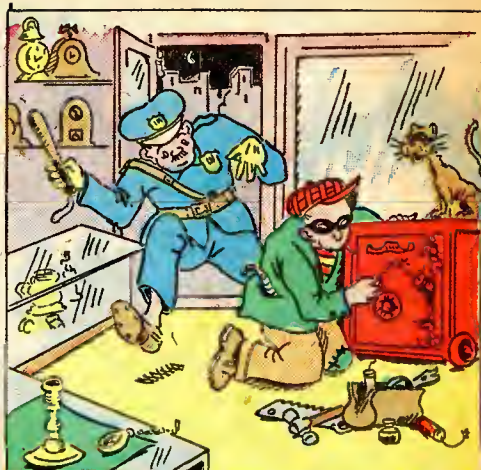
WE'LL KIDNAP THE KID,
JOE ! THEY'LL BE AFRAID
TO GO AFTER THE MONEY
IF WE HOLD HER !

LET'S GO, THEN.
STRAIGHT DOWN
THE ALLEY !

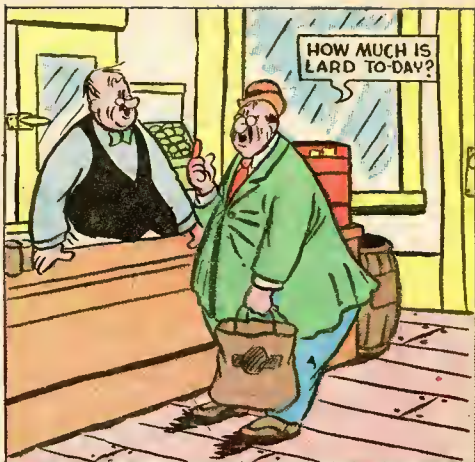




Officer Clancy



Mister WHIPPLE



The CASE of the MILIONAIRE PLAYBOY

AS SOLVED BY THE MASTER MIND

A COMPLETE
MYSTERY STORY
IN PICTURES...

by GEO MERKLE



ON A SMALL ISLAND
OFF THE COAST OF MAINE,
WORKMEN HAVE
JUST COMPLETED ONE
OF THE SHOWPLACES OF
THE NATION, DESIGNED FOR
A PLEASURE-LOVING
YOUNG BACHELOR,
J. ELLIOT FISKE



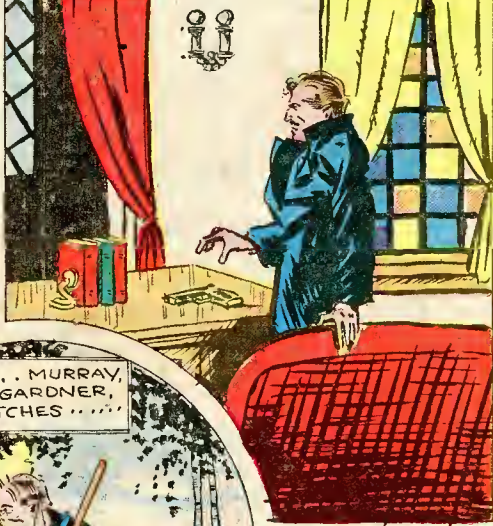
FISKE DEPENDED UPON
HIS INEXHAUSTIBLE WEALTH,
BUT WHEN HE FOUND THIS
DID NOT BUY HIM ALL THE
WHIMS AND POWER HE
WANTED, HE BEGAN TO
SUSPECT EVERYONE
AND EVERYONE HATED
HIM FOR IT



FISKE, IN SPIKE OF ALL HIS MONEY, WAS OFTEN THE SUBJECT OF RIDICULE. WHILE ABLE TO GET ANYTHING THAT MONEY COULD BUY, HE SOON FOUND THERE WERE NO MORE NEW SENSATIONS FOR HIM LEFT IN LIFE, AND FREQUENTLY WENT INTO MELANCHOLY MOODS... SOMETIMES TO THE POINT OF SUICIDE.....



WHILE IN ONE OF THOSE MOODS, HE REFLECTED UPON HIS WASTED LIFE AND BECAME MORE MORBID, ... HE SLOWLY APPROACHED HIS DESK AND REACHED FOR THE REVOLVER



..... MURRAY, THE GARDNER, WATCHES



...AND SEES FISKE SLOWLY AND DELIBERATELY AIM TOWARDS HIS FOREHEAD, HIS HAND NERVOUSLY FINGERING FOR THE TRIGGER

SENSING THE SITUATION, MURRAY THE GARDNER, LEAPS INTO FISKE'S PRESENCE AND DEFLECTS THE DEADLY AIM, THEREBY FOR A THIRD TIME PERMITTING A WORTHLESS EXISTENCE TO GO ON.....



TO ESCAPE THE MORBID
FRENZY OF MONOTONY
HE FLASHED HIS WEALTH
TO ATTRACT SOME NEW
GIRL... MANY SOUGHT TO
KNOW HIM AND HE DELIGHTED
IN KNOWING THEM—



BUT WITH WOMEN, CAME
JEALOUSLY AND HATRED, FOR
FISKE'S FAVORITE, GLORIA,
SENSED A COOLNESS, A
COOLNESS WHICH INDICATED
A MILD SUGGESTION THAT
HE WAS TIRED OF HER AND
THAT MEANT TO STEP OUT



ONE DAY SHE SPIED ON
FISKE, AND FOUND HIM
WITH HER RIVAL. LOVE
MEANT NOTHING TO GLORIA,
BUT TO BE DENIED THE SHOWER
OF RICH GIFTS AND THE COM-
MAND OF A MISTRESS
OVER THE VAST HOUSEHOLD,
TURNED HER DISAPPOINTMENT
INTO HATRED.... AND
REVENGE!



..... SHE SEIZED FISKE'S
PISTOL, AND WITH A DETERMINED
RUSH, HEADED FOR HIS STUDY....
ONLY THE TIMELY APPEARANCE
OF THE BUTLER DEFLECTED HER
COURSE OF MURDER! BUT, SHE
THOUGHT, SOME OTHER TIME.....!



JASON, THE BUTLER, STOPPED HER VILE MOTIVE BY GRASPING HER ARMS BEHIND HER...A SILENT STRUGGLE ENSUED.... LITTLE DID FISKE, A FEW YARDS AWAY, REALIZE THE DANGER STIRRED BY A WOMAN WHO TEMPERED HATE WITH JEALOUSY.....



JASON WAS PERHAPS THE MOST INTIMATE WITH FISKE... HE KNEW HIS MASTER'S BUSINESS, HIS WEALTH, HIS WOMEN AND HIS WEAKNESSES.



FOR A MOMENT HE REFLECTED OVER HIS ACT OF LOYALTY... WHY DID HE SAVE FISKE? WHY DIDN'T HE LET GLORIA DO WHAT HE AT TIMES SECRETLY 'HIMSELF HAD WANTED TO DO—KILL FISKE! HE WAS TIRED OF FISKE'S RIDICULE TIRED OF BEING "THE GOAT" AND THE WHIPPING BOY OF A MERE MORTAL, WHO, RATHER THAN REWARD LOYALTY, THREW HIS WEALTH IN THE SEWER OF EXTRAVAGANCE!

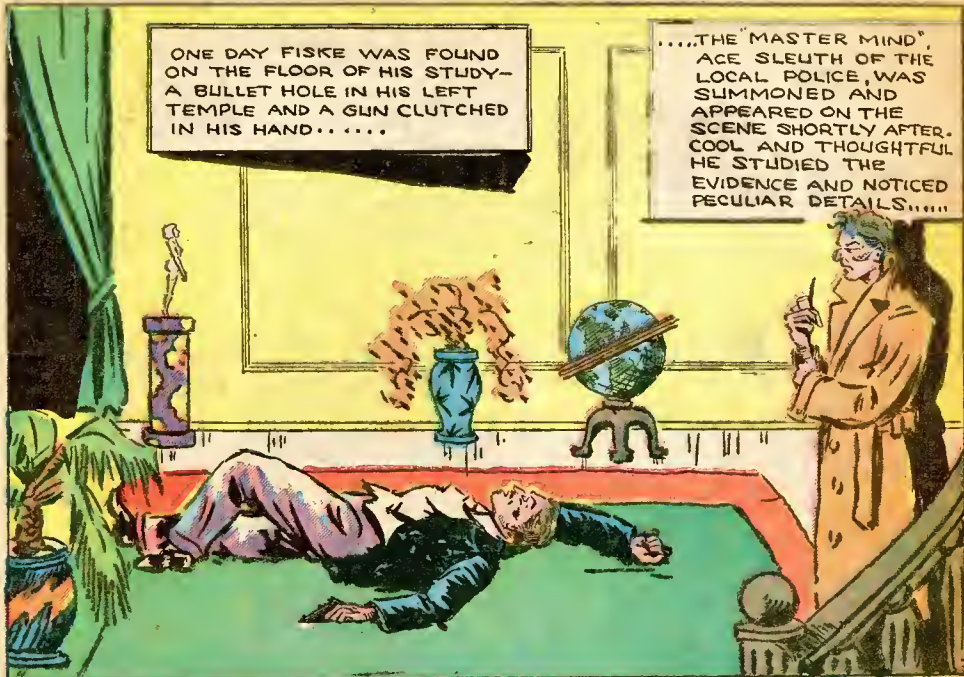


.... YES, HE WAS TIRED OF IT AND THIS SEEMED THE LOGICAL TIME TO SHOOT FISKE... HE WAS SAFELY HID BEHIND A CURTAIN AND COULD EASILY OPEN A WINDOW TO STAGE A BURGLARY... HE COULD COUNT ON GLORIA NOT TO TELL, FINGERING THE TRIGGER NERVOUSLY, HE PRESSED IT BUT NO BULLET CAME OUT... THE GUN HAD JAMMED, THEN HE, TOO, VOWED HE'D TRY, IT AGAIN!



ONE DAY FISKE WAS FOUND ON THE FLOOR OF HIS STUDY—A BULLET HOLE IN HIS LEFT TEMPLE AND A GUN CLUTCHED IN HIS HAND.....

.....THE "MASTER MIND", ACE SLEUTH OF THE LOCAL POLICE, WAS SUMMONED AND APPEARED ON THE SCENE SHORTLY AFTER. COOL AND THOUGHTFUL HE STUDIED THE EVIDENCE AND NOTICED PECULIAR DETAILS.....



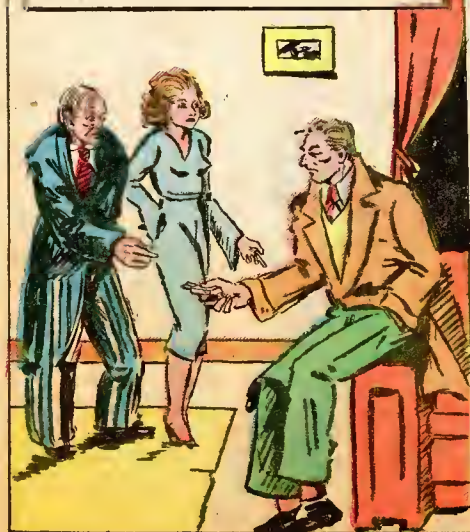
USING THE PROCESS OF ELIMINATION, HE EXCUSED ALL THE HELP IN THE HOUSE AT THE TIME EXCEPT THE BUTLER AND THE GIRL, WHO EACH AT DIFFERENT TIMES TRIED TO SHOOT FISKE, AND HELD THEM FOR FURTHER EXAMINATION..... THEN HE ASKED EACH TO ACCEPT A CIGARETTE

..... AFTER THEY EACH TOOK ONE, HE TURNED TO THE UNIFORMED POLICE OFFICER AND SAID.....

MORAN, FISKE WAS SHOT IN ONE OF THREE POSSIBLE WAYS

- 1ST. HE SHOT HIMSELF—SUICIDE
- 2ND. THIS GIRL SHOT HIM, OR,
- 3RD. THE BUTLER DID.

YOU'VE SEEN ALL THE EVIDENCE I HAVE AND SHOULD BE ABLE TO PICK THE RIGHT ANSWER—CAN YOU?



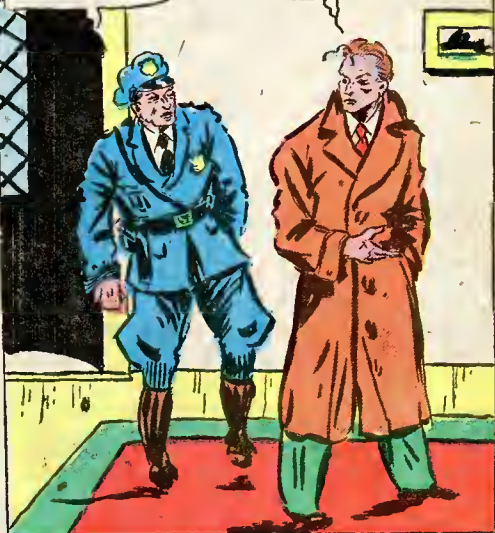
The SOLUTION

TO THE CASE OF THE
MILLIONAIRE
PLAYBOY

HOW GOOD A DETECTIVE
ARE YOU? BEFORE READING
THE SOLUTION, SEE IF YOU
CAN DEDUCT BY WHAT
MEANS FISKE WAS SHOT.
...ALL CLEWS WERE SHOWN

WHAT'S THE IDEA OF
THE SHERLOCK HOLMES
STUFF? THIS IS
NOTHIN' BUT PLAIN
SUICIDE.... THE
CORONER WILL
SAY THAT....

SO? WELL,
STEP INSIDE A
MINUTE AND
WE'LL HAVE A
LITTLE TALK
FIRST!



FIRST, YOU FAILED
TO NOTICE THAT
THE BULLET
ENTERED THE
RIGHT TEMPLE
BUT FISKE HAD
THE GUN IN
HIS LEFT
HAND.... YOU
COULDN'T DO
THAT.... OF
COURSE, DON'T
TRY IT....

I GET IT.... THE
GUN WAS FIXED
IN FISKE'S LEFT
HAND BY A LEFT-
HANDED PERSON.
THAT WAS THE
DUMB THING THE
KILLER DID
WITHOUT THINKIN'!



THE BUTLER
DID IT! I KNEW
THERE WAS
SOMETHING
PHONEY ABOUT
THAT GUY!

NOT SO FAST! THE
BUTLER WAS AS RIGHT-
HANDED AS FISKE WAS-
I FOUND THAT OUT
WHEN I HANDED HIM
A CIGARETTE. ON THE
OTHER HAND, THE GIRL
REACHED WITH HER
LEFT, SO SHE'S THE ONE
YOU
MIGHT
QUESTION!



CRUSADERS



1813 **DAVID LIVINGSTONE** 1877

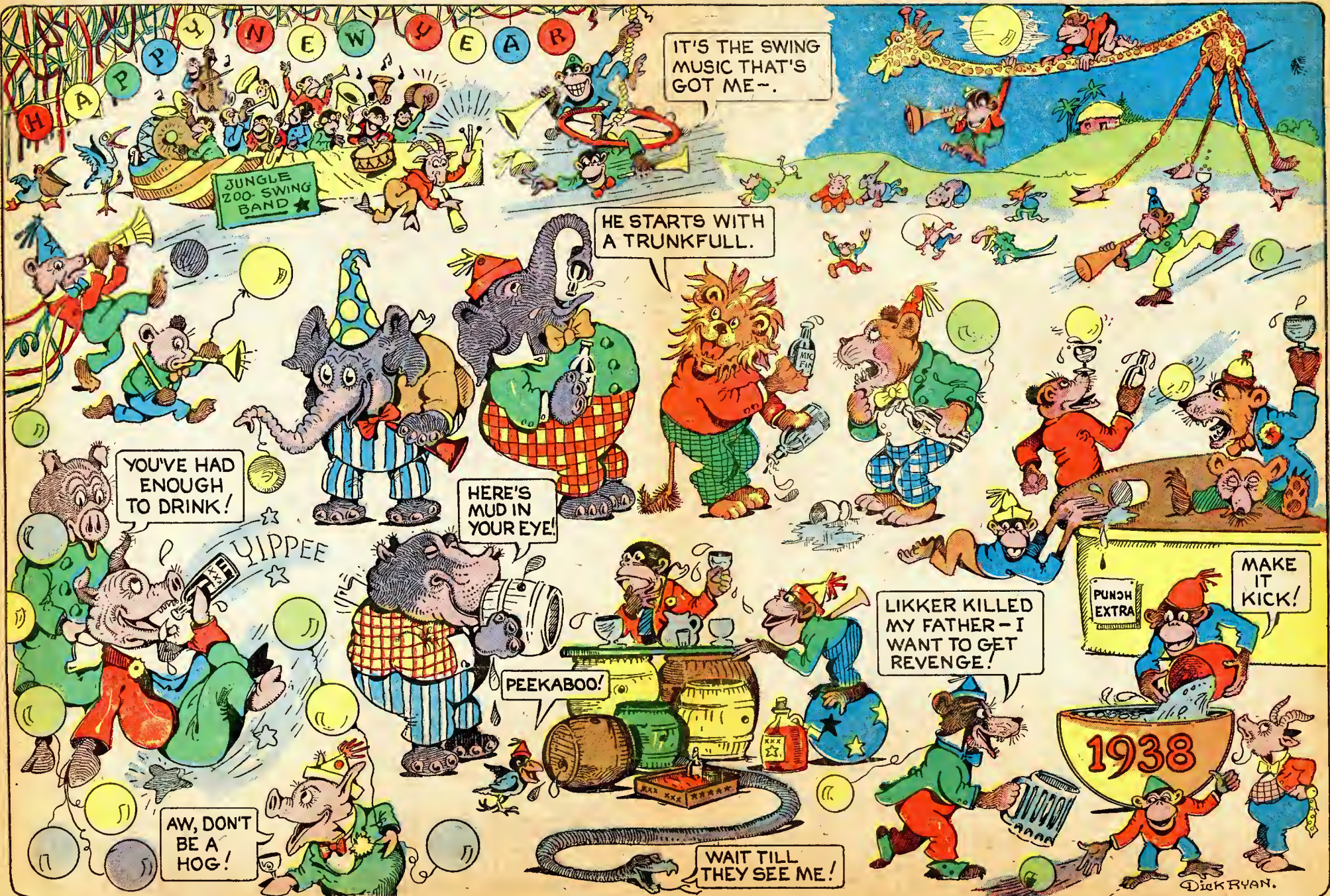
DAVID LIVINGSTONE, A POOR, SCOTCH BOY, WHEN ONLY TEN YEARS OF AGE, HAD TO START WORKING IN A COTTON MILL. THE WORK WAS HARD AND THE HOURS LONG, BUT WITH ALL THESE DIFFICULTIES, HE WAS ABLE, BY THE TIME HE REACHED TWENTY, TO PREPARE HIMSELF FOR COLLEGE. HE HAD GROWN INTO A VERY THOUGHTFUL YOUNG MAN, YET CHEERFUL AND FULL OF SYMPATHY FOR THE SUFFERINGS OF OTHERS. AT THIS TIME HE RESOLVED TO DEVOTE HIS LIFE TO THE ALLEVATION OF HUMAN MISERY. HE WAS EXAMINED AND EXCEPTED BY THE LONDON MISSIONARY SOCIETY AND IN 1841 ARRIVED IN CAPE TOWN, SOUTH AFRICA, TO BEGIN HIS LIFE WORK.

SOON AFTER HIS ARRIVAL IN SOUTH AFRICA HE WAS SENT 300 MILES INTO THE WILDERNESS NORTHEAST OF CAPETOWN TO ESTABLISH AN ADVANCE STATION. THE VALLEY WHERE THE COMPANY SETTLED WAS QUIET AND CHARMING, BUT INFESTED WITH LIONS WHICH ATTACKED THE HERD AND KILLED THE CATTLE. ONCE AT A DISTANCE OF 30 FEET LIVINGSTONE FIRED TWO SHOTS INTO THE BODY OF ONE OF THESE FEROCIOUS BEASTS. THE LION ATTACKED HIM, CRUSHING HIM TO THE GROUND, SHAKING HIM AS A TERRIER WOULD A RAT. HAD THE LION NOT DIED THEN OF IT'S WOUNDS, LIVINGSTONE WOULD NOT HAVE LIVED TO ACCOMPLISH HIS GREAT WORK. HIS SHOULDER HAD BEEN SO BADLY CRUSHED, HOWEVER, THAT IT TROUBLED HIM FOR THE REST OF HIS LIFE.





FOR OVER 30 YEARS DR. LIVINGSTONE TRAVELED THE LENGTH AND BREADTH OF AFRICA, CONTACTING NATIVE CHIEFS, AIDING THEM TO LIVE BETTER, AND ENGRAVING LOVE FOR HIMSELF IN THEIR HEARTS. HE WROTE SEVERAL BOOKS ON AFRICA AND MADE NEW AND ENLIGHTENING MAPS OF THE DARK CONTINENT. BUT HE HAD IN HIS LIFE 2 GREAT OBJECTIVES. ONE WAS THE ABOLITION OF ARAB SLAVE TRADE IN AFRICA, WHICH, BY HIS VIVID ACCOUNT OF SLAVE RAIDS, WRITTEN AND SENT TO ENGLAND, HE WAS ABLE TO HELP STAMP OUT; THE OTHER WAS THE DISCOVERY OF THE SOURCES OF THE NILE, WHICH HE DIED BEFORE ACCOMPLISHING. FEAR FOR LIVINGSTONE'S SAFETY CAUSED AN EXPEDITION TO AFRICA TO BE MADE HEADED BY SIR HENRY MORTON STANLEY. AFTER A LONG DANGEROUS JOURNEY STANLEY FOUND LIVINGSTONE ILL AND DYING. BUT LIVINGSTONE WOULD NOT RETURN TO ENGLAND. HE PREFERRED TO DIE IN THE LAND HE LOVED.



IT'S THE SWING MUSIC THAT'S GOT ME--.

HE STARTS WITH A TRUNKFULL.

YOU'VE HAD ENOUGH TO DRINK!

HERE'S MUD IN YOUR EYE!

PEEKABOO!

LIKKER KILLED MY FATHER - I WANT TO GET REVENGE!

MAKE IT KICK!

AW, DON'T BE A HOG!

WAIT TILL THEY SEE ME!

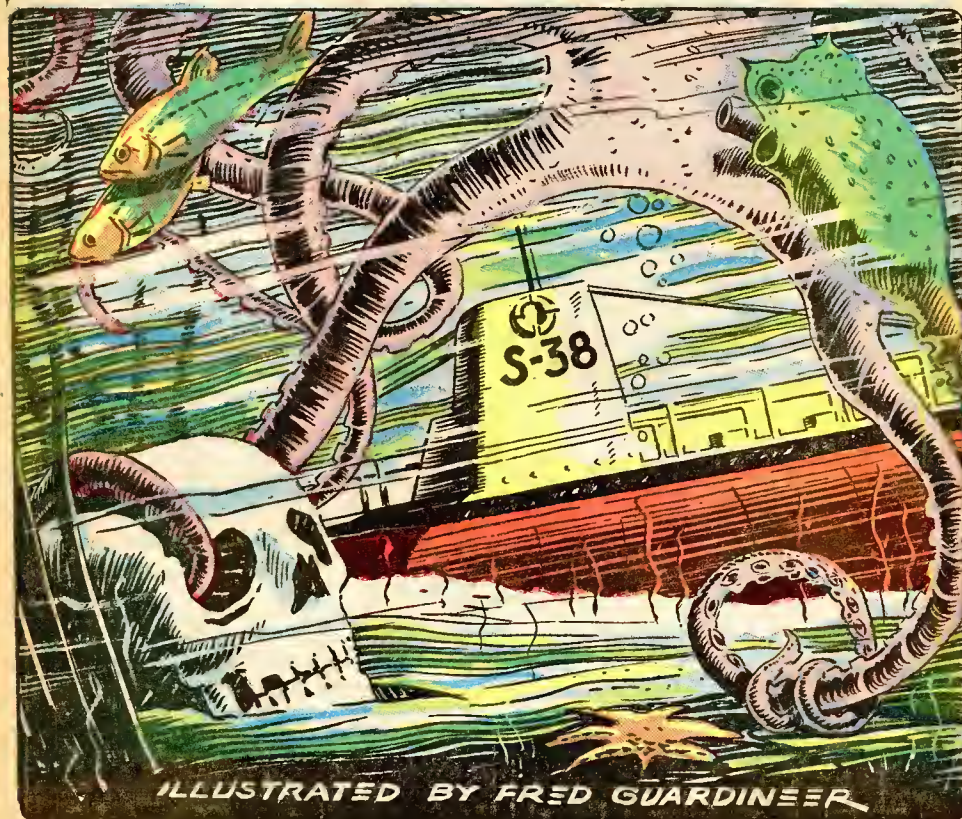
PUNCH EXTRA

1938

Dick RYAN.

Death ON THE BOTTOM

by NORMAN DANIELS



SYNOPSIS OF PART 1

Dave Dean, adventurer, has been made a special agent in the United States Intelligence Service to investigate the mysterious sinking of the Submarine S-38 on her experimental first voyage. Dave has taken the assignment because a close friend of his, Jay Connors, was a member of the crew that died. Dave found Connor's body floating on the surface; other members of the crew had perished inside the S-38.

Elisha Abbott, inventor of the submarine, the navigator, the engineer and three members of the crew had escaped, however, and Dave suspects murder. In the guise of a lieutenant in the United States Navy, Dave has himself assigned to the S-39, sister ship of the S-38. He believes that if foul play had caused the S-38 disaster, a like fate will be attempted for the second submarine.

He is in the torpedo room of the S-39, far below the surface when the lights go out and someone tries to force his body into a torpedo tube. After a desperate fight, he wins a temporary victory and the lights go on again.

There is no trace of the assailant and no clue to his identity. Everyone is a suspect. All Dave is sure of is that a murderer is aboard and death lurks close at hand.

PART II

Commander Evans gasped in horror. He walked over to Dave.

"And the two that are in working condition belong to whom?" he demanded. "The killer would provide a good one for himself and faulty ones for those he hoped would die."

"Abbott's is all right," Dave said bluntly. "So is yours, Mr. Capen. I can hardly suspect that Abbott would try to sink his own submarine, but you, Capen—you're an engineer. It's possible that you may have learned the new, secret devices on this craft. Perhaps you hope to sink this tub too, murder everyone aboard, but reach the surface yourself. We're in deep water, too many fathoms deep to ever hope to recover the sub or even reach it with divers. You could easily construct a new craft and sell it."

Capen was growing deathly pale while Dave spoke. His big head wagged up and down in full agreement. "You're right," he admitted. "I could do that. Only Abbott and I know the secrets of this craft. I could build another and make a lot of money if Abbott died—but I wouldn't do it. I wouldn't sink this sub—murder everyone aboard."

Bainter, his eyes wide in horror at the impending disaster, curled his big hands into fists. He stepped before Capen.

"How do we know you wouldn't?" he demanded. "Your safety lungs are all right. That's evidence enough for me. I ought to strangle you. I ought to make you put on one of those useless lungs and be shot to the surface to see how you like dying of the bends or from drowning."

"Cut it out," Dave said. "We'll get nowhere fighting. What we must do—and mighty fast—is bring this sub to the surface where we'll have a chance if anything happens."

Bainter sprang toward the phones. He called the engine rooms.

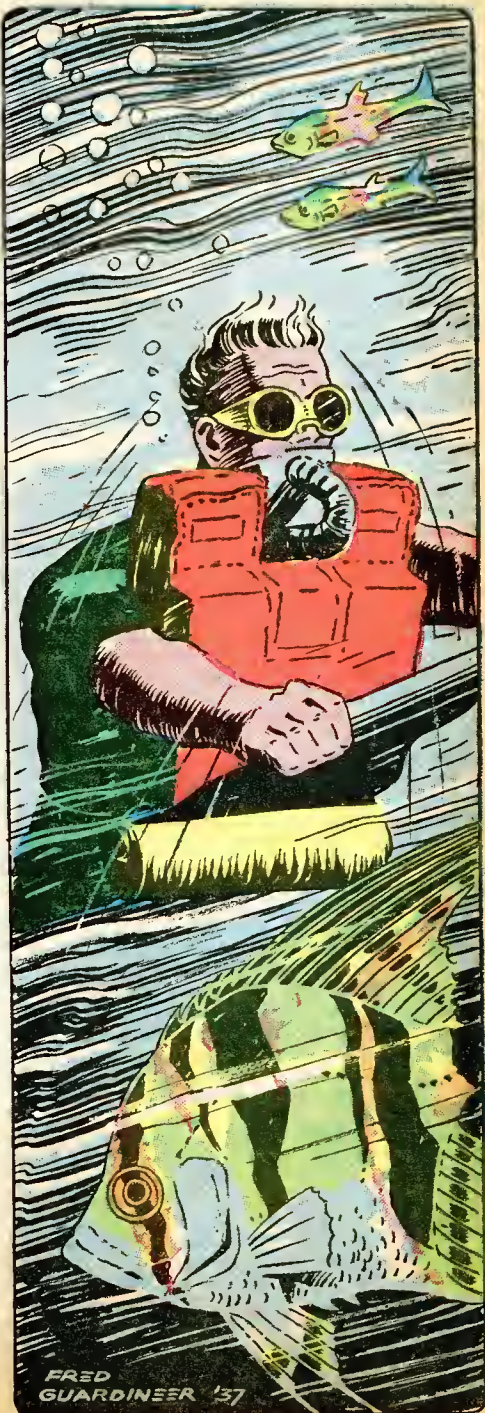
"Prepare to rise," he shouted. "Float all ballast tanks."

The submarine began to throb as the Diesel engines started to pump air into the ballast tanks, driving the water out and lightening the sub. Bainter, listening at the phone suddenly jerked erect. The stool on which he sat flew backwards. His face had gone deathly white.

"Something's happened to the air lines," he gasped. "The pump's can't force the water out of the ballast tanks."

Dave shouted an order to quiet the men aboard. "We're still safe," he yelled. "If we don't lose our heads, we can repair the damage to the air lines or at least sail toward shore where the water is shallow and we can take our chances on getting to the surface."

"We're doomed," Abbott moaned fretfully. "We can't do it, I tell you. We're as good as dead right now. And you're responsible, Capen. You're the man who did this."



Commander Evans stepped close to Dave. "Any plans?" he asked in a steady voice. "We could put full speed ahead for shore, send one man up with one of those good lungs and let him try to swim to shore and get help. A diver could bring us new safety lungs."

"That wouldn't get our killer," Dave told him. "You stay here. Take my gun. If anybody makes a move, let him have it. I'm going on another inspection tour. This time I'll take Bainter with me. Watch Abbott and Capen closely."

With Bainter leading the way, Dave went first to the battery rooms where he reassured the crew. They retraced their steps toward the stern, passed through the engine room, the motor room and into the steering room. Two men were there, one listening over the phone for orders, the other at the wheel.

"Could anyone smash a hole in the side of the sub?" Dave asked the navigator.

Bainter laughed. "Not if he spent ten years at it. The hull of this sub is made of battleship steel—only a direct hit from a heavy shell would smash it. This is the greatest submarine ever constructed, Lieutenant."

"That's what the man who sank the S-39 thinks too," Dave observed. "We're at the stern. From this point we will make a search of every inch of the ship. If the lights go out, stand right where you are and keep calling my name so I won't mistake you for the killer. Ready?"

"All ready, Lieutenant," Bainter said. "If there's a bomb aboard, I'll find it."

But thirty minutes later they were back in the control room with the others. They had discovered nothing. The sub had been under water for almost two hours and the atmosphere was stuffy and hot. Coats were peeled off by all but Abbott. He seemed incapable of even helping himself be comfortable. Fear burned in his deep set eyes and he kept watching the gauges.

"You found nothing?" Commander Evans asked. He sighed deeply when Dave shook his head negatively. "It looks as though we're licked. We can't pump water out of the ballast tanks to lift our ship. We're thirty or forty fathoms under the surface and our masks are useless. We can't remain here forever. The oxygen supply will give out sooner or later."

Dave was looking around the room. Capen, Bainter and Abbott were talking softly near the periscope. Suddenly Dave's eyes flashed wide. He grabbed Commander Evans by the arm and pulled him apart from the others. He spoke in clipped tones for five minutes while Evans gasped in amazement.

Finally the Naval Officer agreed. Dave walked toward Bainter.

"I'm going back to the torpedo room," he said. "There may be a clue there. We must find the man who plugged the airlines and the masks. He'll know how to fix them and if he refuses—he'll die with the rest of us."





FBS '37

I'll see to that. Come along, Bainter. I may need some technical advice."

Back in the torpedo room Dave bent down and made a rigid examination of the tubes. He swung the breech in and out several times and took especial notice of the thin film of almost colorless grease that coated the entire mechanism.

"Lieutenant," Bainter grabbed at a torpedo rack for support. "Don't you feel it? The submarine is moving. Good Heavens—it's going down! Down I tell you! The deck is sloped. We're going to the bottom!"

"Back to the control room," Dave ordered. "Hurry!"

They raced through the battery compartment where the crew, white faced and badly shaken had also guessed that the ship was headed for the bottom. Dave spoke words of encouragement to the men as he passed through. In the control room Abbott was no longer able to be of any assistance. Commander Evans stood beside the telephones. Capen was watching the depth gauge with a worried eye.

"What's happened?" Bainter cried as he barged into the small room. "Why are we sinking?"

"I'll tell you," Dave snapped. "Because we're simply providing a grave for ourselves and for the man who is responsible for this. Bainter—you know more of this affair than anyone else. You're supposed to be Abbott's navigator only. You were not permitted to make detailed examinations of the craft, but you did. You displayed that to me as we searched the ship, for you knew every inch of her, as you boasted. Even to knowledge, supposed to be secret, concerning the construction of the hull."

Bainter walked backward slowly, until his shoulder struck the ladder leading to the conning tower and the hatch. His features contorted themselves into lines of hatred.

"You're crazy," he yelled. "Why should I want to sink this ship while I'm aboard it? I'm in just as much danger as you are."

"I'll say you are," Dave answered coolly. "You think you can escape, all right. You've got a mask to slip over your face when you get through the hatch. That's more than any of the rest of us have—except one man who is lucky enough to lay hands on the second good mask. You want one person to live besides yourself. Someone who can testify that you had nothing to do with the sinking of the sub and you were in as much danger as the rest of us."

Bainter's right hand darted for his hip pocket and came away with a heavy automatic in his grip.

"All right," he snapped, "have it that way then. Now, not one of you will live. You'll all go to the bottom and rot there. You'll scream for air, but there won't be any. You'll try to get the ballast tanks working, but

you won't because the lines are cut and part of the tubing destroyed. There is no more aboard. I'll reach the surface safely and be picked up by your patrol boat."

"That's where you'll make a mistake," Dave never budged an inch. The others in the control room had their hands high above their heads for murder shone brilliantly in Bainter's red rimmed eyes.

"When they spot you, they'll send down divers," Dave went on. "We can tap on the side of the hull and make the divers understand what has happened. You'll hang, Bainter. They'll walk you up on a scaffold and drop the floor from under your feet."

Bainter laughed with sadistic glee. "No diver will learn anything from you," he snarled. "It will take them a long time to get a diver ready to send down and in ten minutes there won't be a submarine left. Nothing left, understand? You'll go down as the S-38 went down. There'll be a gaping hole in the side of the sub. Water will pour in. Tons of it. It will break down the bulkhead doors unless you have time to bolt them and you won't because you'll be looking for the bomb. While I—I'll be telling them on board that cutter that something happened and only, I could escape."

He seized the hand rail of the ladder and began mounting it, keeping his gun toward the men in the control room every moment. Near the top he pulled a safety lung from beneath his shirt and began to slip it clumsily over his face.

"So you're going into the conning tower,

open the main hatch and let the compressed air shoot you up," Dave said with a half smile. "I wouldn't try it, Bainter. Not until you've looked at the depth gauge. We're almost a hundred fathoms down. You'll be crushed like a match the instant you shoot out of the hatch."

Bainter's hand, holding the safety lung, lowered slowly while a look of ludicrous horror stole over his face. With a wild yell he leaped to the deck of the control room, kept his gun ready and sidestepped to the depth gauge. He turned his head to look at it and Dave sprang.

Bainter pulled the trigger of his gun twice. Dave felt the sting of a bullet as it ripped through his side, but nothing could stop him now. His left hand grabbed the gun, pushed it toward the ceiling and held it there while his right fist slammed blow after blow into the pit of Bainter's stomach.

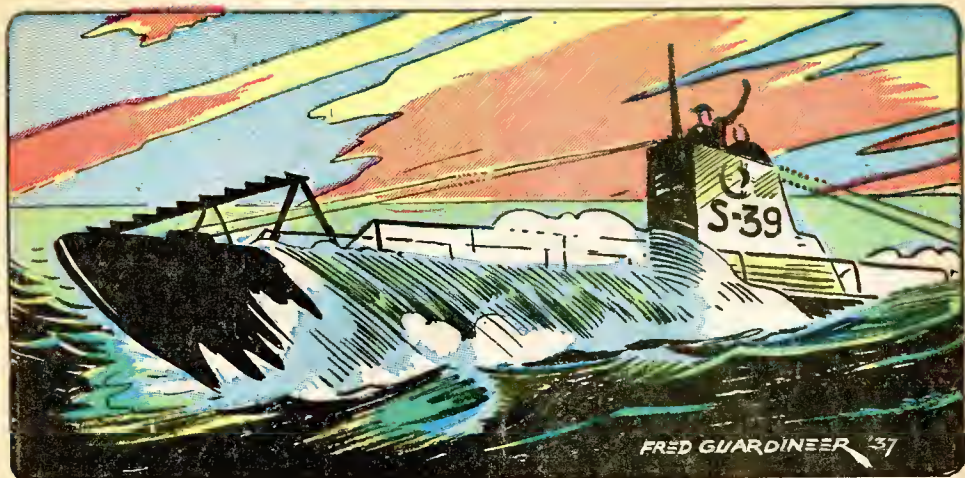
The killer kicked, and squirmed in his attempt to get back and bring the gun into play. Commander Evans was sighting a service automatic and his finger was white on the trigger.

"Don't shoot him," Dave gasped. "We need him—alive!"

Bainter let go the gun and sailed into Dave with both fists flying. He centered his attack on Dave's already wounded side and the Naval Intelligence officer groaned as the savage blows landed and made blood flow freely.

Dave suddenly stepped back a pace. Bainter, intent on getting in a telling blow, lost his balance for a moment. Dave swung





hard. His fist jerked erect, his head flew back and he sank limply to the steel deck.

"We've got to bring him around," Dave dropped to his knees beside Bainter. "He's got to tell us where that bomb is hidden. I searched the sub and I couldn't find it. Only he knows where he concealed it."

He shook Bainter savagely, slapped his face and jerked him into a sitting position. Capen disappeared for a moment. He returned with a bucket of water. He sloshed this across Bainter's face. The killer opened his eyes slowly.

"Where's that bomb hidden?" Dave cried. "Hurry, man—you've been unconscious for a minute or two and we fought for almost five. It will go off soon."

"I won't tell you," Bainter answered savagely.

"Then you'll go down with us," Dave said between his teeth. "You'll suffer all the agonies you described for us. The water—lack of air—slow death."

Bainter turned deathly pale. "It's—it's one of the torpedoes," he gasped. "The third from the left in the starboard rack. Hurry—hurry! It's almost time. Don't let it go off! Save me—you've got to save me. I set the timing on it while I helped you search the sub."

Dave darted through the door. When he returned a few minutes later, he was breathing hard.

"It was a time attachment hooked to the explosive chamber of a torpedo," he said. "No wonder we couldn't find it. Commander—is everything in hand?"

"Working nicely." Commander Evans waved from his position beside the radio desk. He had an earphone strapped to his head. "The cutter above us is using her oscillator to send down messages. They're lowering a diver to find out why we haven't come up."

"Great," Dave exulted. "When he taps on

the hull, we'll answer him. He can bring down an air hose on his second trip. We'll hook it direct to the ballast tanks and float them that way. It will take us hours, but we've oxygen enough now. How is Bainter?"

"Too well," Capen broke in. "We ought to put him in one of the torpedo tubes and let him go the same way he planned to dispose of you."

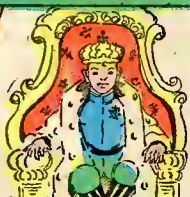
"How in the world did you ever guess it was Bainter?" Commander Evans asked. "Of course you were perfectly right when you revealed that he knew too much about the sub. I suppose his object was to destroy this craft and its inventor. Then he could pretend to construct another from memory, but I'll wager he has a copy of the plans."

"I knew it was Bainter when he went into the torpedo room the last time," Dave explained. "When Bainter stuffed me into the tube—as he did poor Connors—I managed to get in a punch to his middle. That was after I tried to pull myself out of the tube. Well—my hands became covered with a light oil from the breech and the tube. When I hit Bainter he had his coat open and I left a nice oily mark on his shirt. I didn't see it until he removed his coat when the temperature in the sub went sky high. The only place that particular kind of grease is used is on the torpedo tubes and it pointed a finger right at Bainter. He shorted the lights, tried to project me out of the tube and return to another part of the sub before he rejoined the others. He knocked Capen cold at the same time. For awhile I really suspected you, Capen."

The engineer broke into a wide smile.

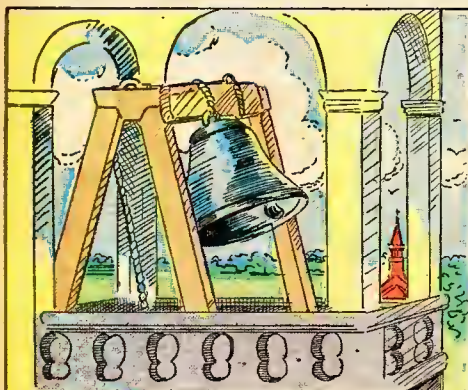
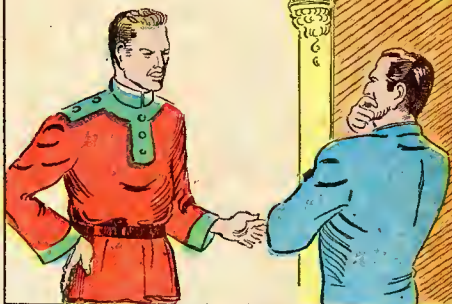
"And I didn't know you were an Intelligence Officer until Commander Evans told me just a few minutes ago. I figured you for the man who was trying to scuttle this submarine."

His Highness



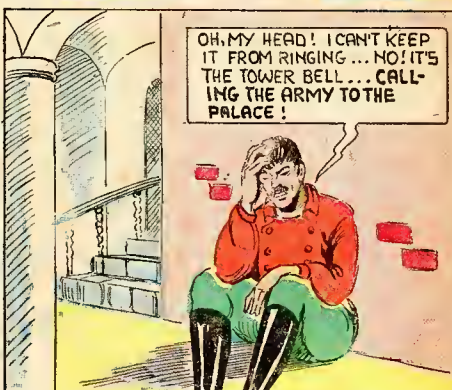
AFTER CHANCELLOR VON STRUMEN PLACES ERIC UNDER ARREST, HE FINDS THAT THE REVOLUTIONISTS ARE ABOUT TO STRIKE. HE THEN BEGS ERIC FOR HIS AID.

OUR ONE HOPE IS TO GET THE ARMY BACK BEFORE THE MOB TAKES THE ARSENAL! SOUND A CALL FROM THE TOWER BELL I'LL GO TO MEET THE MOB....



THE TOWER BELL PEALS OUT A FRANTIC CALL FOR THE ARMY TO RETURN.

OH, MY HEAD! I CAN'T KEEP IT FROM RINGING... NO! IT'S THE TOWER BELL... CALLING THE ARMY TO THE PALACE!



BACK IN HIS OWN CELLAR, KRIS LOPEZ REGAINS CONSCIOUSNESS.



AND ERIC HAGERT CHANGES BACK TO THE DRESS OF A BEGGAR AND GOES ALONE TO FACE THE ANGRY MOB -

WAIT!





WHERE IS OUR LEADER ? WE COME TO THE GATES AND FIND THAT LOPEZ HAS DESERTED US !

THE MOB MISTAKES ERIC FOR ONE OF THEM AND LISTENS TO HIS PLEA.



SHOULD WE FOLLOW A LEADER WHO DESERTS US IN A CRISIS ?

THE MAN IS RIGHT !

LOPEZ IS A COWARD !



KRIS LOPEZ SPEAKS ONLY IDLE WORDS !

LET US GO BACK...

UNDER THE SPELL OF ERIC'S LOGIC, THE CROWD RETREATS



A CURSE ON THAT ONE WHO STRUCK ME ! I HOPE I AM NOT TOO LATE !

BUT THROUGH THE STREETS RUNS LOPEZ, HURRYING TOWARD THE PALACE.



COME ON, YOU OF KASPIANA ! WHY DO YOU RETREAT ?

LOOK ! IT'S KRIS LOPEZ !

WHO IS THAT MAN THEN WHO IS SENDING US AWAY ?

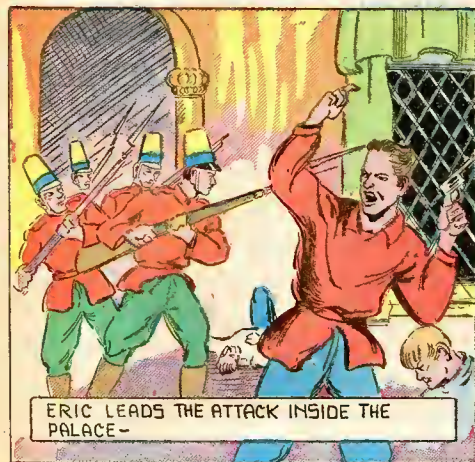


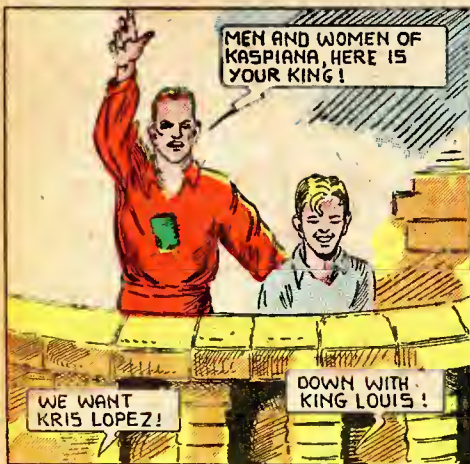
HE IS AN ENEMY TO THE CAUSE ! HE ATTACKED ME ! HE IS STANDING IN THE WAY OF OUR RIGHTS !

THEN LET US KILL HIM !

DOWN WITH THE KING !







MEN AND WOMEN OF KASPIANA, HERE IS YOUR KING!

WE WANT KRIS LOPEZ!

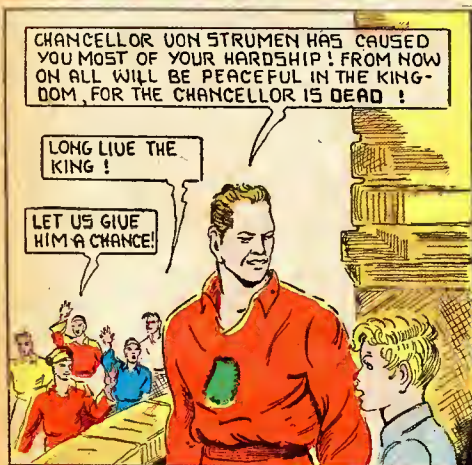
DOWN WITH KING LOUIS!



DOES HE LOOK HARMFUL?

LOOK! HE DOESN'T, DOES HE?

HE'S ONLY A CHILD!



CHANCELLOR VON STRUMEN HAS CAUSED YOU MOST OF YOUR HARDSHIP! FROM NOW ON ALL WILL BE PEACEFUL IN THE KINGDOM, FOR THE CHANCELLOR IS DEAD!

LONG LIVE THE KING!

LET US GIVE HIM A CHANCE!

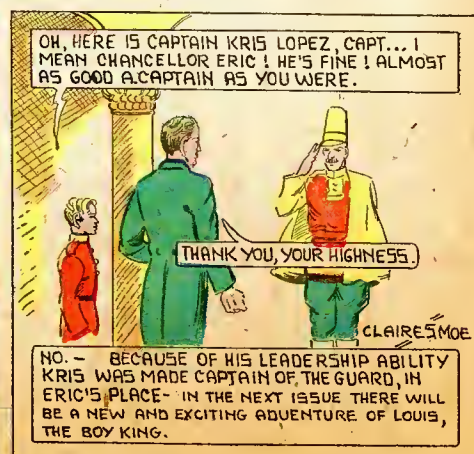


...ALL THIS I SOLEMNLY PROMISE...

TIME PASSES. KASPIANA IS ONCE MORE PEACEFUL AND HER PEOPLE HAPPY. ERIC IS MADE CHANCELLOR IN VON STRUMEN'S PLACE.



AND WHAT OF KRIS LOPEZ? WAS HE EXECUTED?



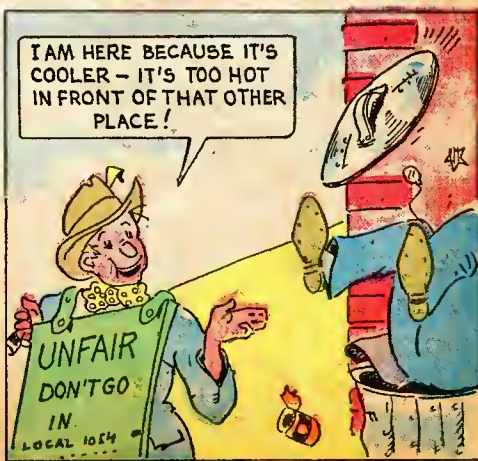
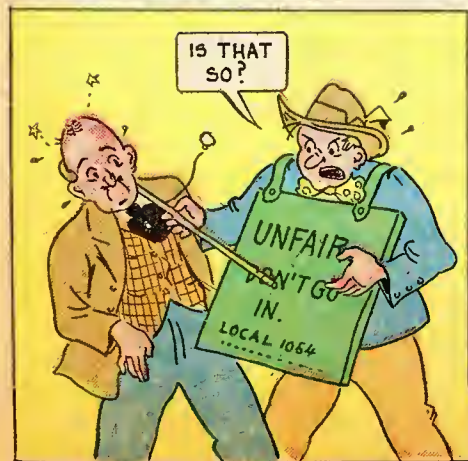
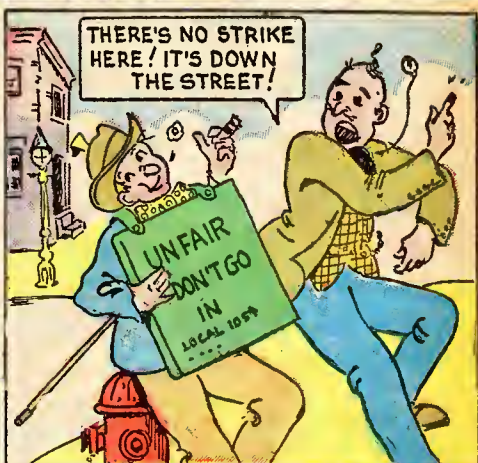
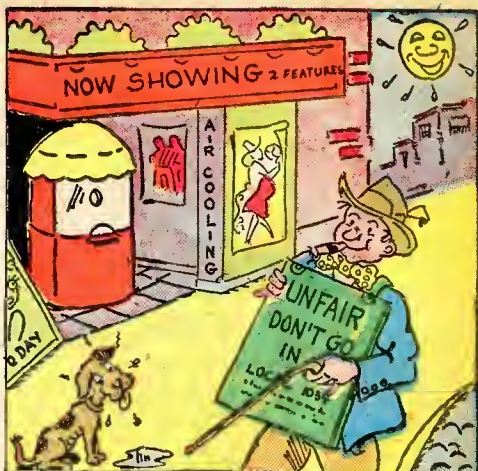
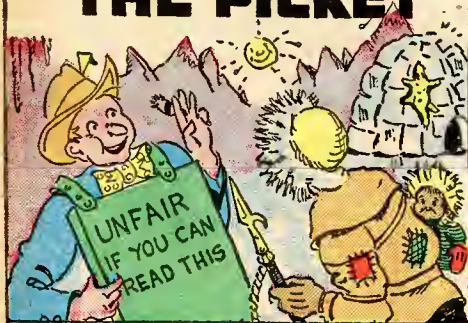
OH, HERE IS CAPTAIN KRIS LOPEZ, CAPT... I MEAN CHANCELLOR ERIC! HE'S FINE! ALMOST AS GOOD A CAPTAIN AS YOU WERE.

THANK YOU, YOUR HIGHNESS.

CLAIRE'S MOE

NO. - BECAUSE OF HIS LEADERSHIP ABILITY KRIS WAS MADE CAPTAIN OF THE GUARD, IN ERIC'S PLACE - IN THE NEXT ISSUE THERE WILL BE A NEW AND EXCITING ADVENTURE OF LOUIS, THE BOY KING.

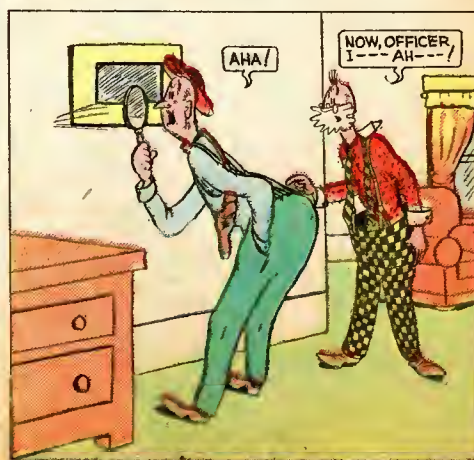
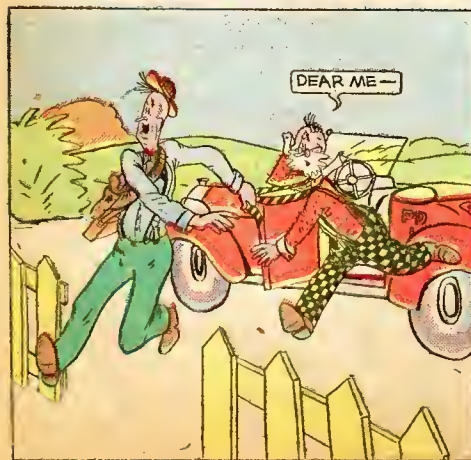
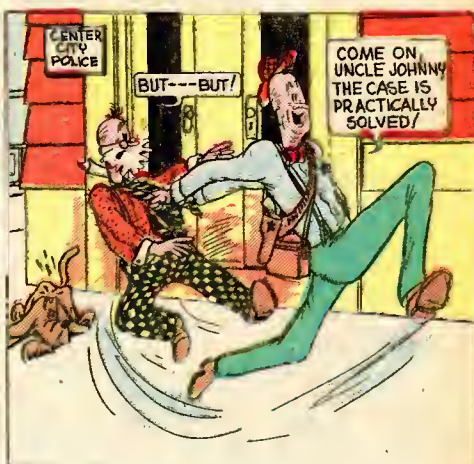
JOE TICKET THE PICKET

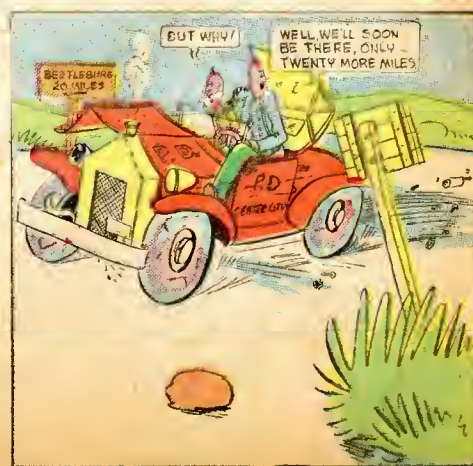
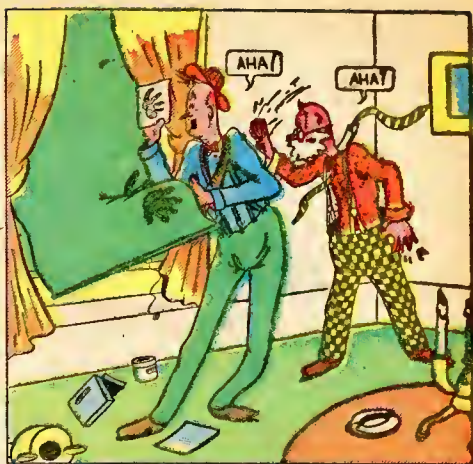


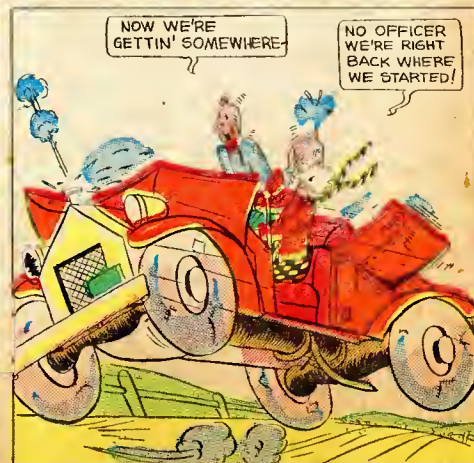
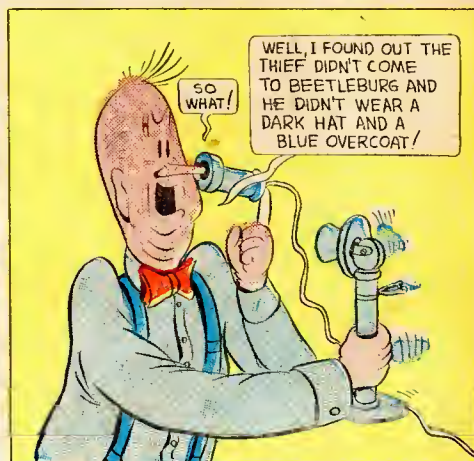
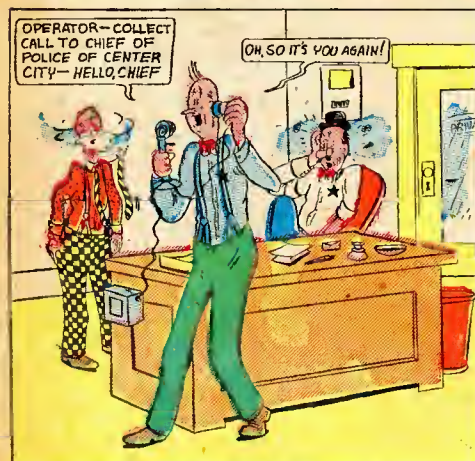
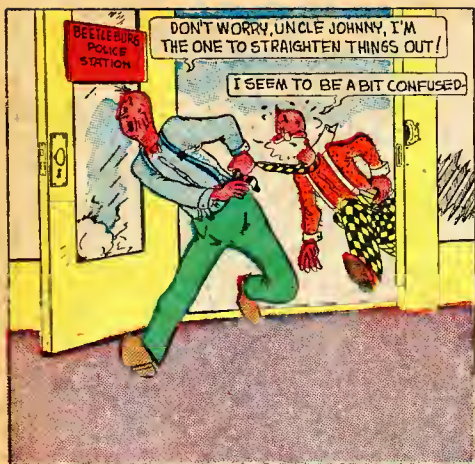
UNCLE JOHNNY'S

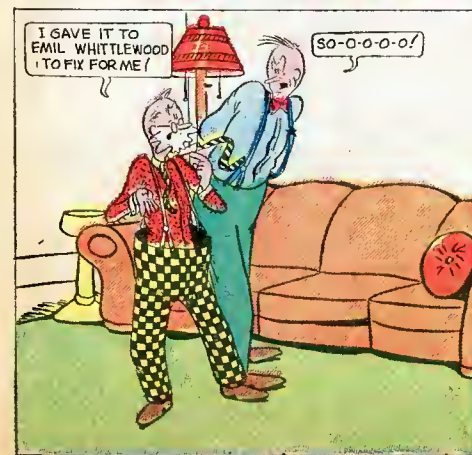
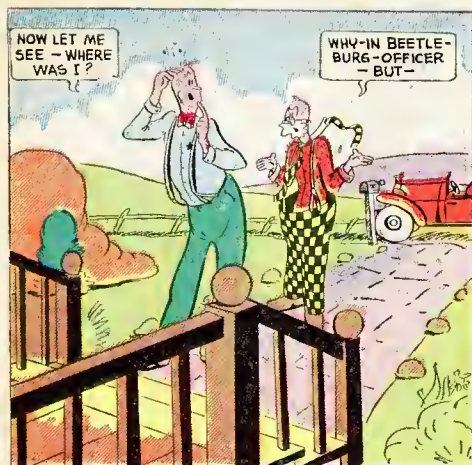
Clarinet

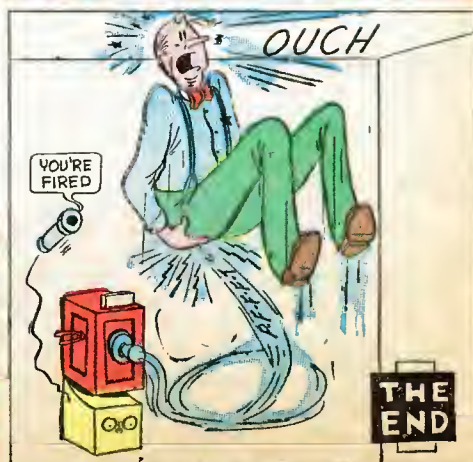
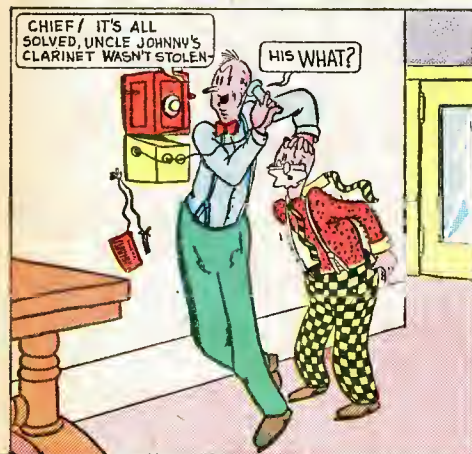
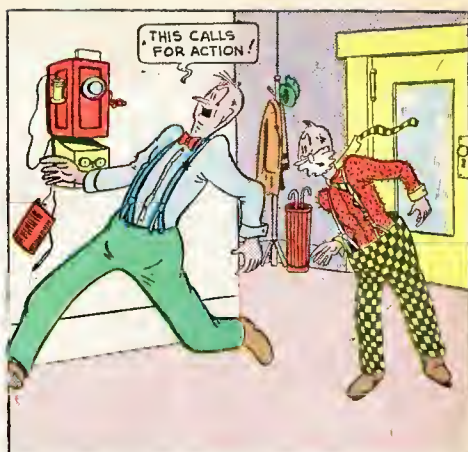
A THR-R-R-I-I-I-LLING DETECTIVE
STORY WITHOUT CRIME OR REASON.









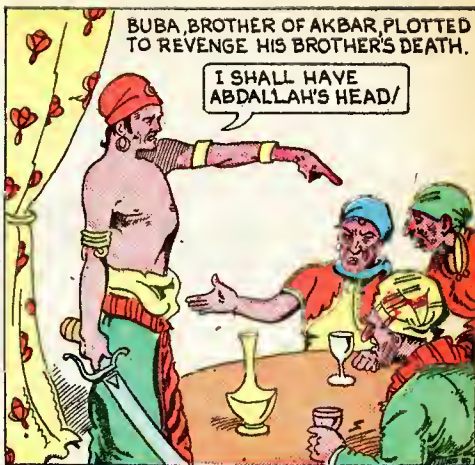


ABDALLAH

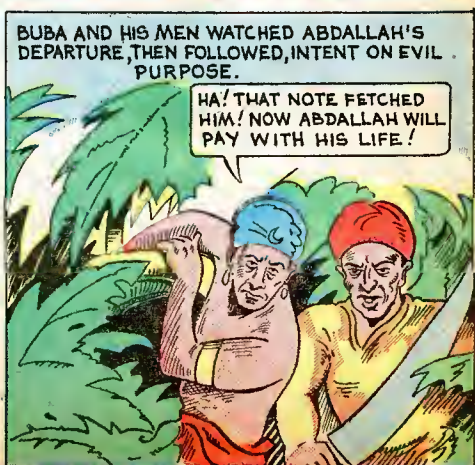
by
Craig
Fox



AS ABDALLAH STROLLS IN THE MARKET PLACE, ONE OF BUBA'S MEN, DISGUISED AS A BEGGAR, HANDS HIM A MESSAGE



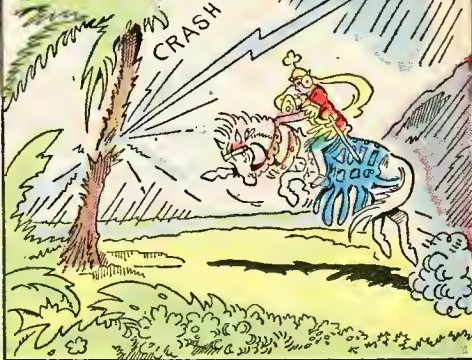
UNAWARE THAT THE NOTE WAS FALSELY WRITTEN BY BUBA, ABDALLAH STARTS FOR HIS HOME-LAND AS THREATENING CLOUDS GATHER OVERHEAD.



A BLAST OF THUNDER OVERHEAD RUMBLLED BACK AND FORTH THROUGH THE CORRIDORS OF THE SKY.—ABDALLAH PAID NO HEED, HIS ONLY THOUGHT BEING TO REACH HIS FATHER.



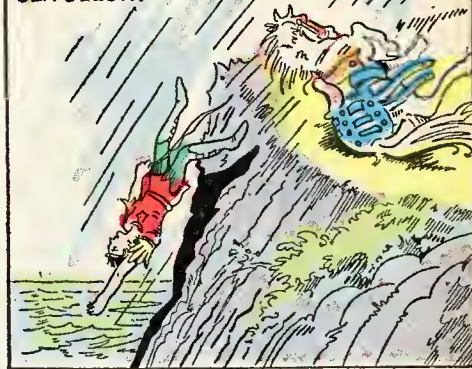
WITH A DEAFENING ROAR, THE HEAVENS OPENED WIDE AND SPOUTED VOLUMES OF RAIN TO THE EARTH BELOW. LIGHTNING STRUCK WITH STARTLING SWIFTNES!



THE DEAFENING SOUNDS OF THE RAGING STORM BROUGHT TERROR TO THE HEART OF THE FAITHFUL WHITE CHARGER.



BLINDED BY REPEATED FLASHES OF LIGHTNING BEFORE HIM, THE HORSE STUMBLLED AND FELL, HURLING HIS MASTER OVER THE CLIFF TO THE SEA BELOW.



ABDALLAH STRUGGLED TO THE SURFACE OF THE WATER, ONLY TO BE MET BY A GIGANTIC SEA SERPENT. AS THE FEROCIOUS CREATURE CHARGED, ABDALLAH DREW HIS SWORD.



HA! THE SEA AND THE SERPENT HAVE SAVED US THE TROUBLE. ABDALLAH IS DEAD! NOW, THE BEAUTIFULL PRINCESS SHALL BE MINE!



BUBA FINDS ABDALLAH'S HELMET, WHICH FLOATED TO SHORE DURING HIS BATTLE WITH THE SEA MONSTER, AND BELIEVES HE HAD DROWNED.

CONCERNED WITH THE WELFARE OF HER LOVED ONE, AHLOO CONSULTS WITH THE WISE OLD MAN.

YOUR BELOVED IS IN GREAT DANGER!
BABU AND HIS MEN PLOT TO KILL HIM!



HURRIEDLY AHLOO SENDS A NOTE BY A CARRIER PIGEON TO WARN ABDALLAH OF HIS DANGER.



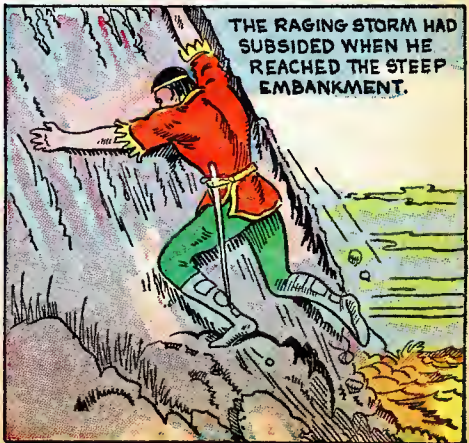
THE UNEARTHLY SEA MONSTER
HAD COILED ITSELF AROUND
THE HELPLESS WARRIOR.



FIGHTING DESPERATELY, ABDALLAH FREED HIMSELF
FROM THE MONSTER, SWIMMING UNDER WATER
HE THRUST HIS SWORD INTO THE VITAL PARTS
OF THE CREATURE TIME AND AGAIN.

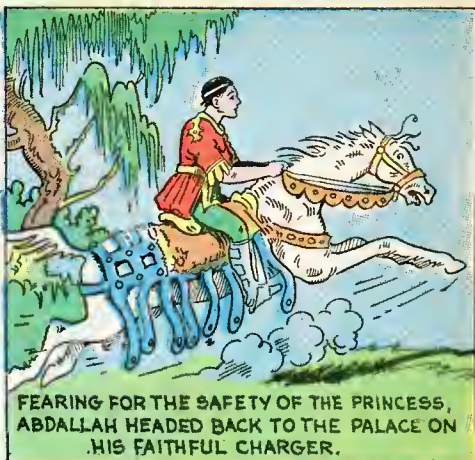


THE SEA BEAST CONQUERED AT LAST, ABDALLAH
SWIMS TO SHORE, ALMOST EXHAUSTED FROM
THE BATTLE.



THE RAGING STORM HAD
SUBSIDED WHEN HE
REACHED THE STEEP
EMBANKMENT.

THE PIGEON FAITHFULLY DELIVERED THE MESSAGE. ABDALLAH LEARNED THAT HIS FATHER'S ILLNESS WAS A HOAX - A WICKED PLOT PLANNED BY BUBA.



FEARING FOR THE SAFETY OF THE PRINCESS, ABDALLAH HEADED BACK TO THE PALACE ON HIS FAITHFUL CHARGER.

HE ARRIVED IN TIME TO SEE THE FIENDISH BUBA CLIMB A ROPE LADDER LEADING TO AHLOO'S ROOM IN THE TOWER.



ABDALLAH DISMOUNTED AND RUSHED TO THE LADDER, ONLY TO BE SET UPON BY ONE OF BUBA'S MEN.

FIGHTING FURIOUSLY, HE DISPOSED OF THE BANDIT QUICKLY, THEN CLIMBED UP THE LADDER TO RESCUE HIS LOVED ONE.

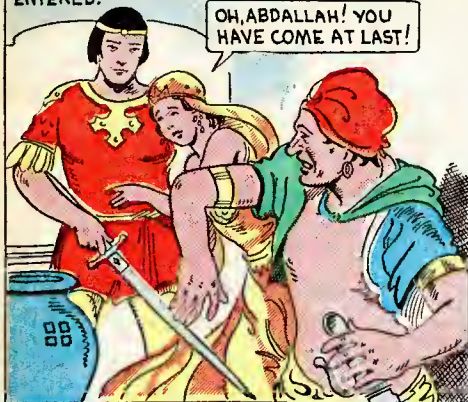


MAKE NO OUTCRY, MY FAIR ONE. YOU MUST COME WITH ME!

BUBA HAD REACHED AHLOO'S CHAMBERS.

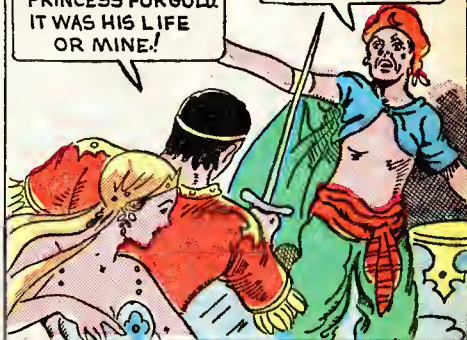
BUBA THOUGHT HE BEHELD A GHOST AS ABDALLAH ENTERED.

OH, ABDALLAH! YOU HAVE COME AT LAST!

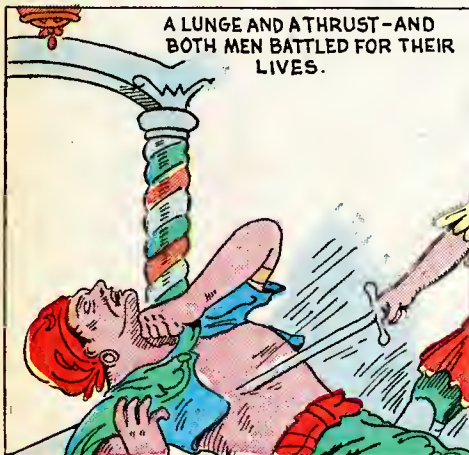


YOUR BROTHER WAS A NOTORIOUS BANDIT. HE KIDNAPED THE PRINCESS FOR GOLD. IT WAS HIS LIFE OR MINE!

YOU KILLED MY BROTHER! YOU SHALL PAY WITH YOUR LIFE!



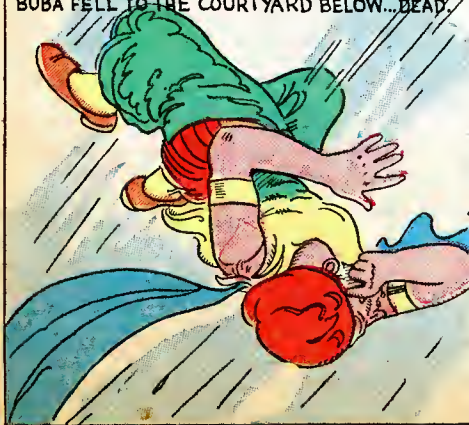
A LUNGE AND A THRUST - AND BOTH MEN BATTLED FOR THEIR LIVES.



AT LAST ABDALLAH'S SWORD FOUND ITS TARGET IN BUBA'S HEART.

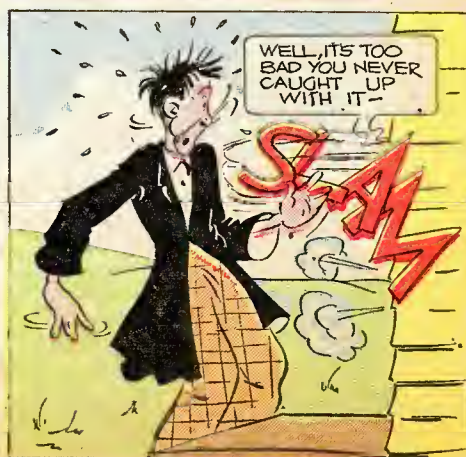
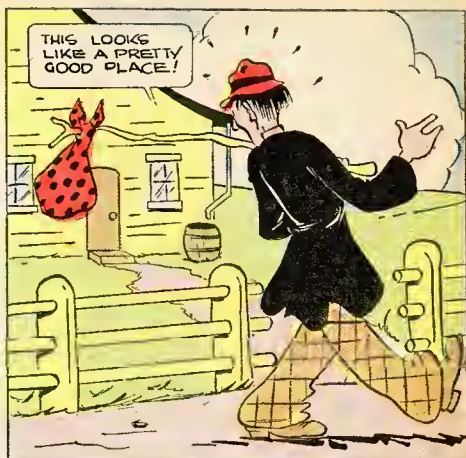


TOPPLING FROM THE WINDOW IN THE TOWER, BUBA FELL TO THE COURTYARD BELOW... DEAD.



O, BEST BELOVED! YOU ARE A BUFFALO IN COURAGE, AND A LION IN DARING! I LOVE YOU!





SPOTS

QUACK!

CP

SAINT LOUIS WOMAN

NOW, YOU BEHAVE
YOURSELF WHEN
WE GO TO THE STORES,

DUCKS
32¢ LB

MEAT
MARKET

Mollie

BE OFF, VILLAIN!
YOU AND I
DON'T AGREE!



MOL-LEE-EE....MOLLIE!
WHERE ARE YOU?



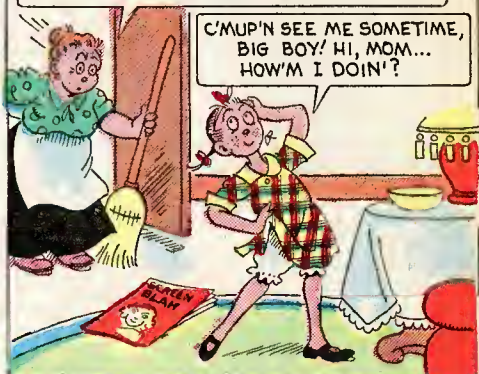
EVERY TIME SHE COMES
FROM THE MOVIES
SHE GOES DAFFY!

I'M SO-OO
TIRED, I TANK
I GO HOME!



HERE I AM BAKIN', WASHIN', AND CLEANIN',
WHILE YOU DO NOTHIN' BUT PLAY ACTIN'.
AIN'T YOU ASHAMED?

C'MUP'N SEE ME SOMETIME,
BIG BOY! HI, MOM...
HOW'M I DOIN'?



WHY DON'TCHA STOP
MAKIN' THEM FACES....
YOU AIN'T GOT NO
GLAMOUR!

WHY, MOM, THAT
AD SEZ, FOUR
OUT OF FIVE
HAVE IT!

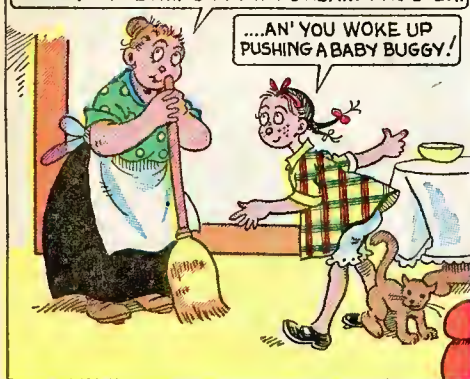


NO JIM-CRACKS, YOUNG LADY!
WHEN I WAS YOUR AGE MY
HEAD WASN'T FULL OF SUCH
FOOLISHNESS!

NO, BECAUSE THEY
DIDN'T HAVE MOVIES
THEN... BUT I'LL
BET YOU HUNG
AROUND THE
OP'RY HOUSE!

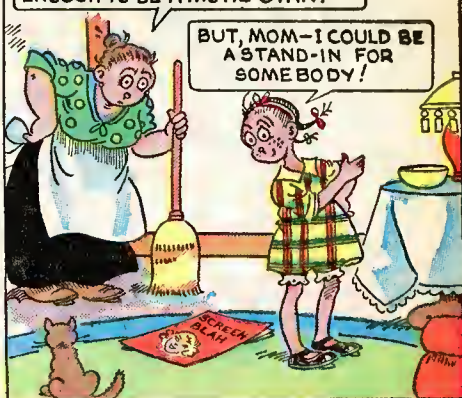


THEM WERE THE HAPPY DAYS....YOUR PA WAS COURTIN' ME, AND SWEET NOTHINS TURNED TO SWEET SOMETHINS-AND MY DREAM WAS OVER!



....AN' YOU WOKE UP PUSHING A BABY BUGGY!

MOLLY MCGUIRE, YOU AIN'T PRETTY ENOUGH TO BE A MOVIE STAR!



BUT, MOM-I COULD BE A STAND-IN FOR SOMEBODY!

I'VE HEARD OF STEP-INS, BUT WHAT DO YOU MEAN BY 'STAND-INS'?



WHY, STAND-INS ARE THE FOLKS WHO STAND IN FER THE ACTORS WHEN THEY'RE FIXIN' THE LIGHTS, AND THINGS.



WELL, YOUNG LADY, HERE'S THE BROOM AND DUST PAN!...SUPPOSE YOU START BEING MY STAND IN!



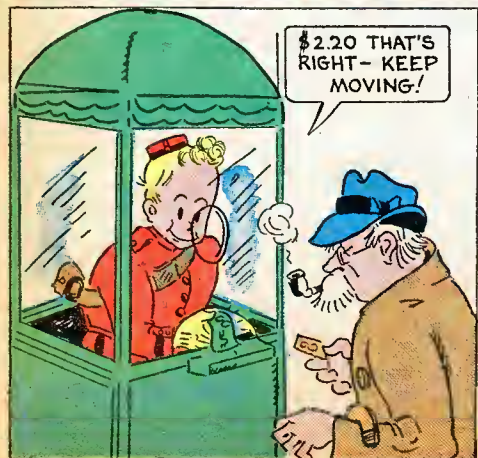
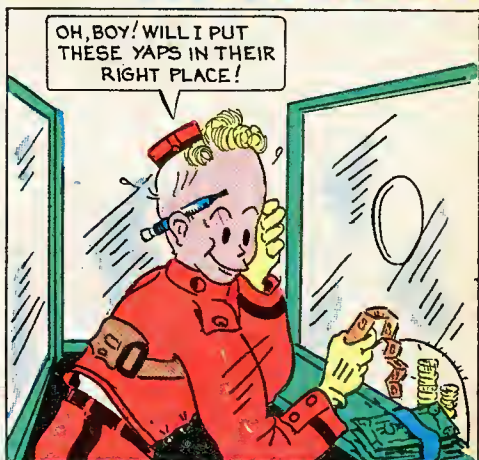
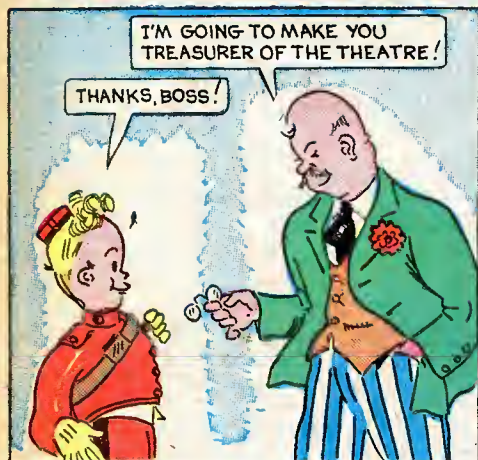
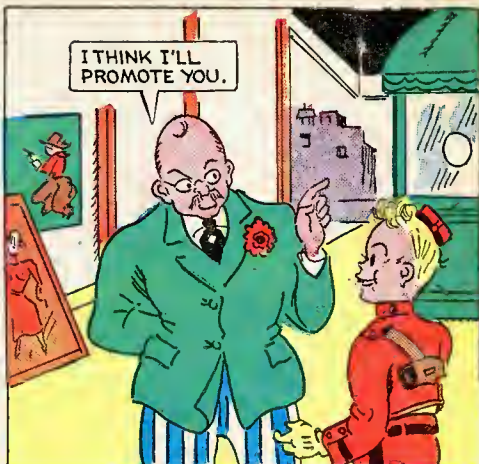
...AND REMEMBER! THE GIRL WHO SWEEPED THE FLOOR WITH A GLANCE DIDN'T HELP HER MA NONE!



SHUCKS! WHY DID I HAVE TO MENTION STAND-IN!

SMART

Alec





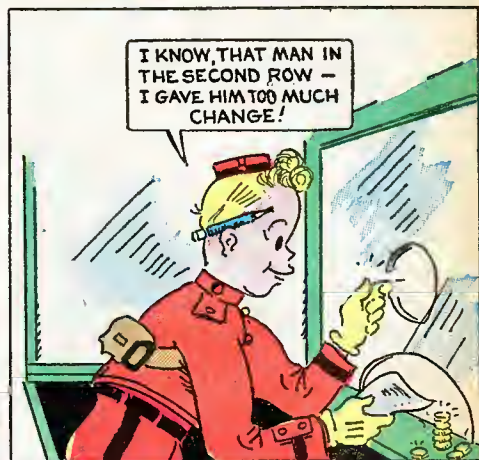
ALL SOLD OUT -
KEEP GOING!



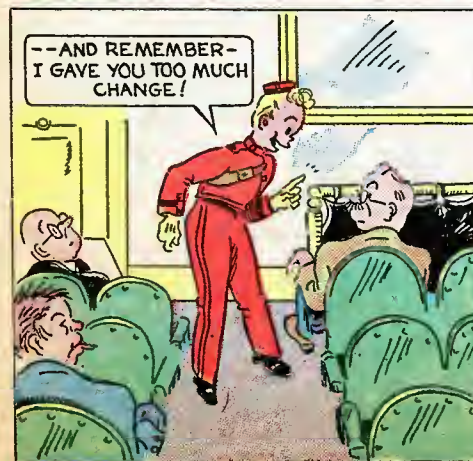
NOW TO COUNT UP!



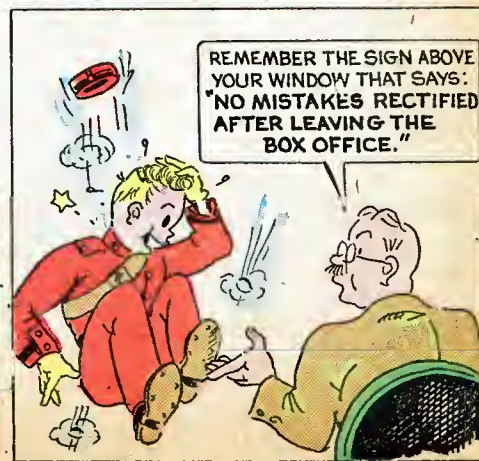
\$28.00 SHORT -
OH MY!



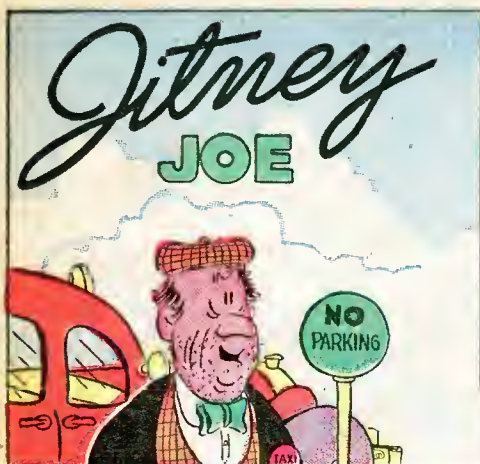
I KNOW, THAT MAN IN
THE SECOND ROW -
I GAVE HIM TOO MUCH
CHANGE!



--AND REMEMBER -
I GAVE YOU TOO MUCH
CHANGE!



REMEMBER THE SIGN ABOVE
YOUR WINDOW THAT SAYS:
"NO MISTAKES RECTIFIED
AFTER LEAVING THE
BOX OFFICE."

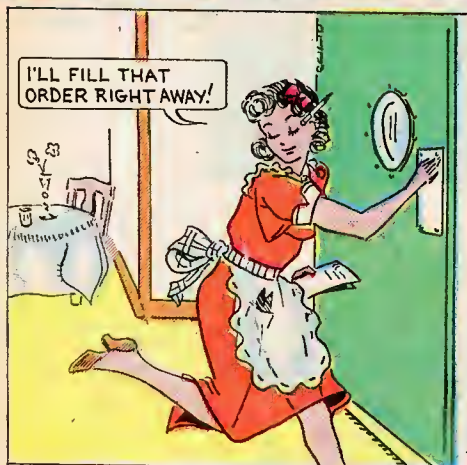


HOW

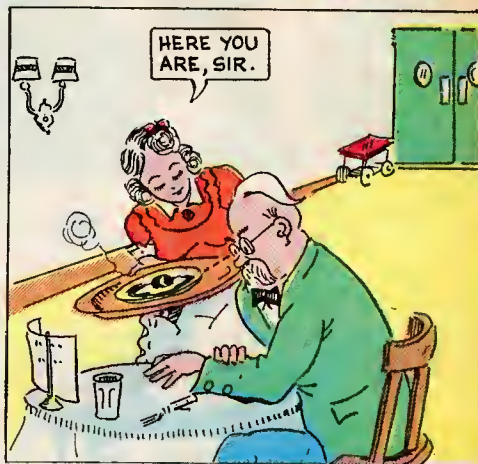


LET ME HAVE TWO
THREE MINUTE EGGS.

YES, SIR.



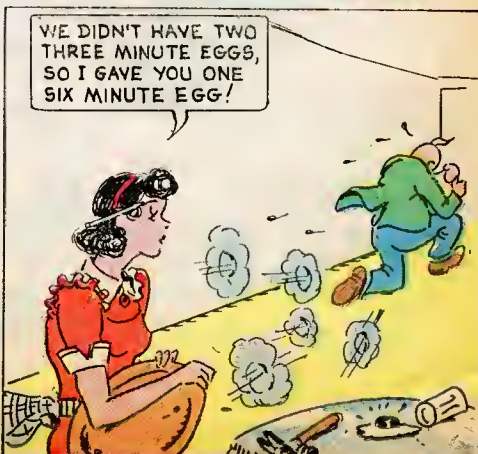
I'LL FILL THAT
ORDER RIGHT AWAY!



HERE YOU
ARE, SIR.



WHAT'S THE IDEA! ONE
EGG-AND HARD AS A ROCK!



WE DIDN'T HAVE TWO
THREE MINUTE EGGS,
SO I GAVE YOU ONE
SIX MINUTE EGG!

HARDY

KRUSCAMP

WRESTLER

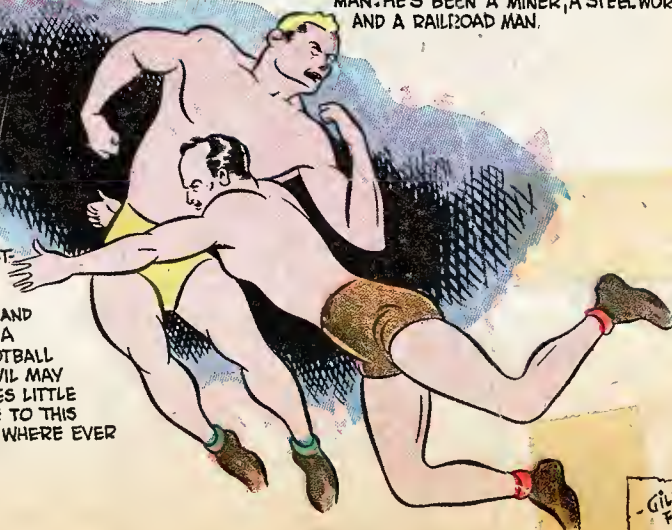


THE EX-HALF BACK STAR OF THE OHIO STATE ELEVEN DURING 1926 AND 1928 AND WHO NOW HAS AN EXCELLENT RECORD AS A PROFESSIONAL WRESTLER.

HARDY PAID HIS WAY THROUGH COLLEGE BY WORKING AS A SEAMAN AND IT WAS AT SEA THAT HE LEARNED TO WRESTLE.

TOUGH WORK MADE HARDY A TOUGH MAN. HE'S BEEN A MINER, A STEEL WORKER, AND A RAILROAD MAN.

DURING SEVEN YEARS OF PROFESSIONAL WRESTLING, KRUSCAMP HAS USED A COMBINATION OF THE FLYING TACKLE AND THE CROSS BODY BLOCK, A THROW BACK TO HIS FOOTBALL DAYS. BEING OF THE "DEVIL MAY CARE" BRAND, HARDY USES LITTLE OR NO CAUTION AND DUE TO THIS HE MAKES A GREAT HIT WHERE EVER HE WRESTLES.



Gill
Fox

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FREE → TYPING COURSE

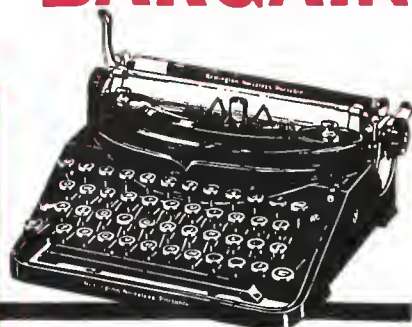
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